



FEATURE

COMICS

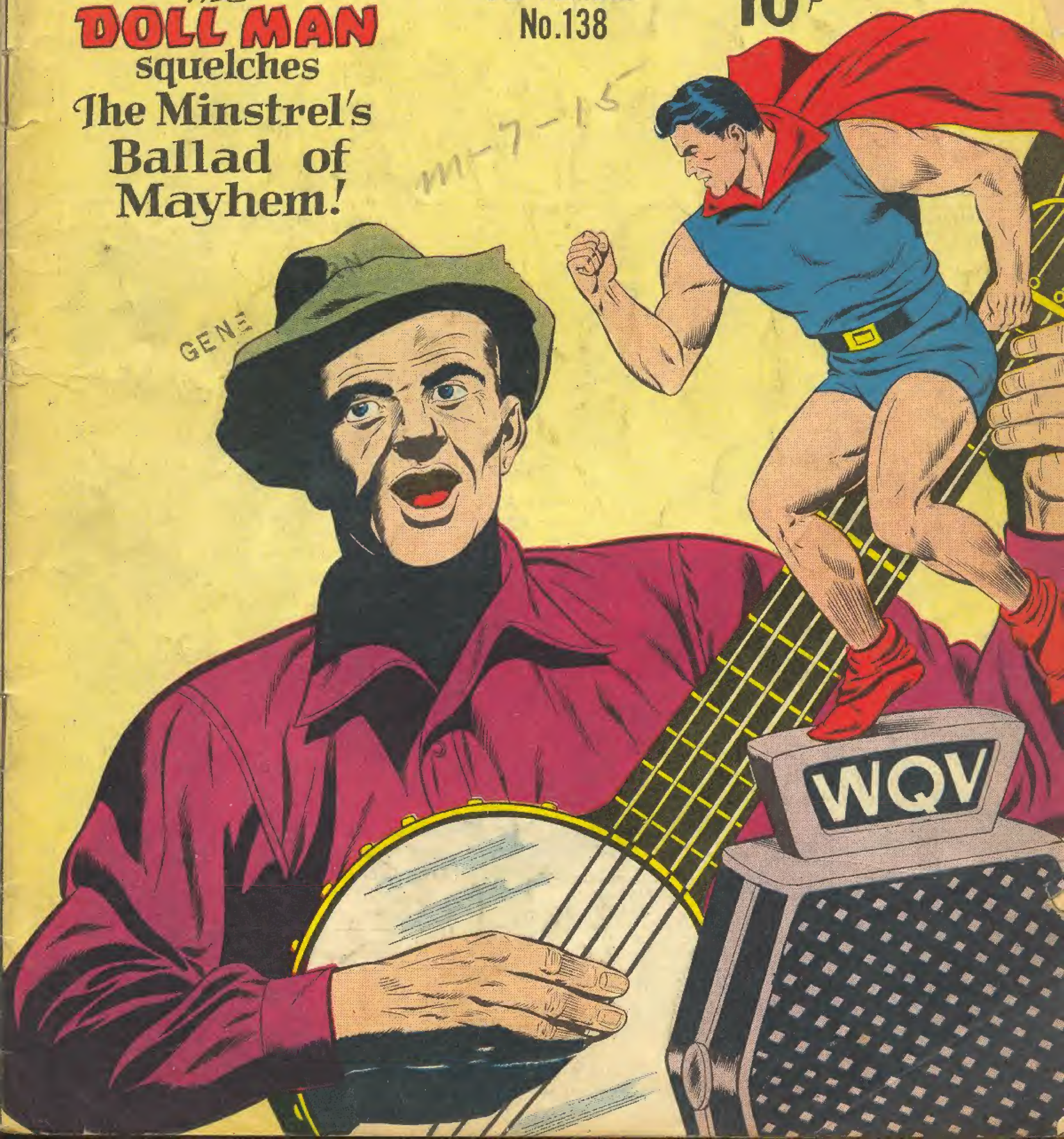
The
DOLL MAN
squelches
The Minstrel's
Ballad of
Mayhem!

SEPTEMBER
No.138

10¢

W-7-15

GENE





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

It's great news!

ANNOUNCING: An amazing new game

turns **OUTDOOR** action
into **INDOOR** thrills

ELECTRIC BASEBALL

It's a **FENCE BUSTER**

Jim Prentice

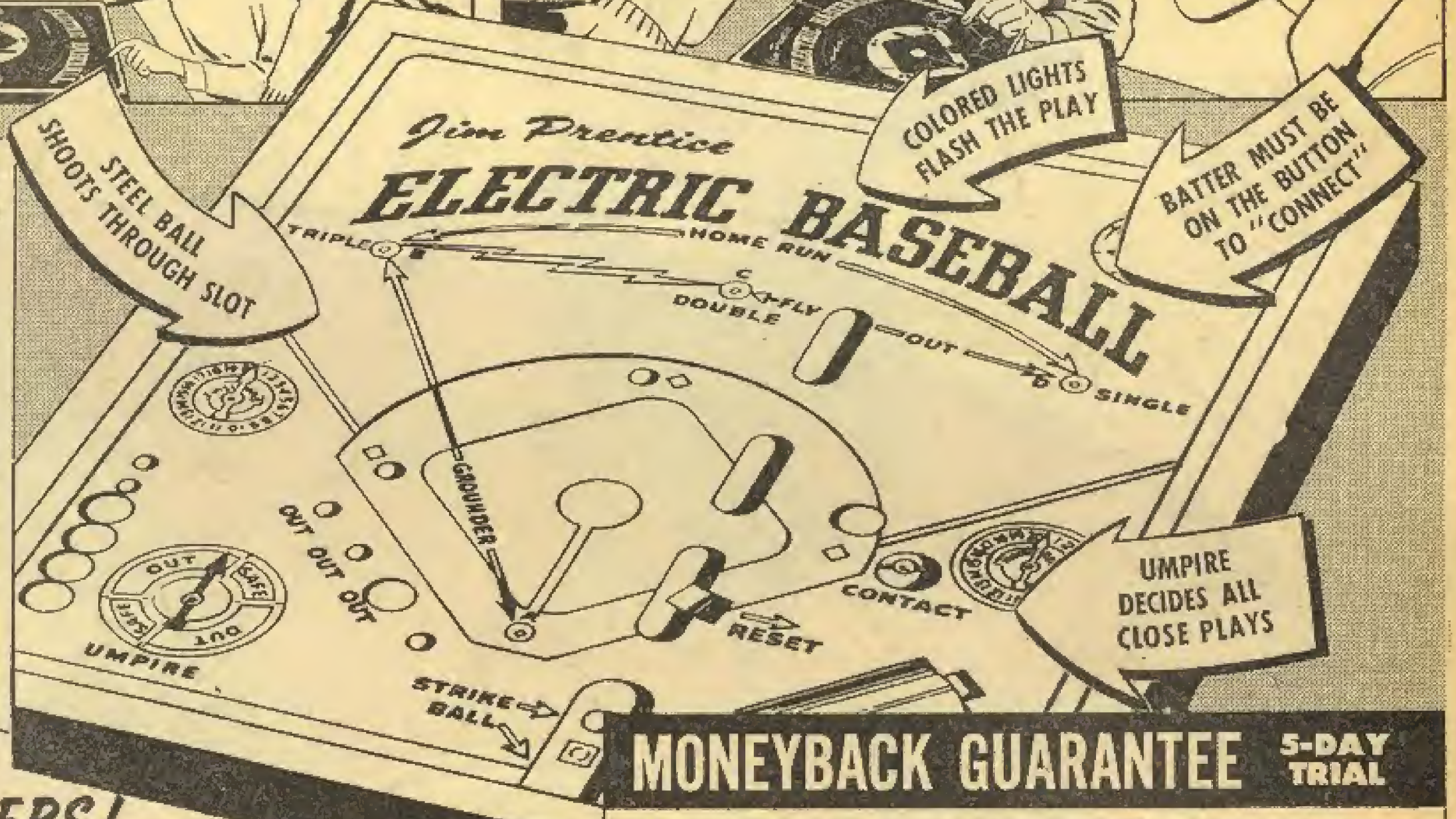


SPECIAL \$3

if you act fast

The 1949 Varsity Model Electric Baseball Game is an outstanding value at the delivered price of \$3. Hurry — send for your game — right now. Games come complete with long-life battery, tested miniature lamps, ready to play. Big 14 x 16 Ponderosa Pine frame encloses the maze of wires, soldered connections, and the mechanical bat, topped by the colorful water repellent playing diamond.

WE PAY POSTAGE . . .
MONEYBACK GUARANTEE
5 DAYS' TRIAL.



Hi, FELLERS!

Get busy. Be first to own this famous Electric Baseball Game. Have your chums over for some fun. **REAL FUN** — for the electric lights and trigger bat capture the excitement of big league baseball, play by play. Lamps flash as the ball smashes into the "electric brain". Good baseball sense helps to win. You'll learn smart baseball easily. The more you play, the more you'll want to play. Produced by the makers of the "World's biggest selling Baseball and Football games, because they are Electric". Endorsed by parents, famous coaches, sports writers and boys who love baseball.

ELECTRIC GAME CO. 94 Front Street
HOLYOKE, MASS.



MONEYBACK GUARANTEE 5-DAY TRIAL

ELECTRIC GAME CO.
94 Front St. Holyoke, Mass.

Amount Enclosed

Name

Street

City and Zone State

Varsity Models

☐ Electric Baseball \$3.00

☐ Electric Football \$3.00

NEW SUPER MODELS

☐ Electric Baseball \$10

☐ Electric Football \$10

CASH or C.O.D.

☐ Full payment with order — no collections

☐ Send \$1 deposit. C.O.D. Postman collects balance.

All Games Postpaid

OH, I'M A SINGIN' MINSTREL MAN...
I SING AND I ROB WHEREVER I CAN!

YOU'RE
GOING
OFF THE
AIR RIGHT NOW,
MINSTREL!

YES, IT'S THAT
CAVORTING CLOWN
OF CRIME, THAT MELODIST
OF MAYHEM AND MALICIOUS
MISCHIEF... NONE OTHER
THAN **THE MINSTREL!**

ONCE AGAIN THIS
STRANGELY GARBED
GENIUS TRIES TO SET
A TEMPO OF VILLAINY!
BUT **THE DOLL MAN**,
CRIME-BUSTING'S
MIGHTIEST MITE, PITS
HIS COMPACT STRENGTH
AGAINST THE MALEVOLENT
GUILF OF **THE MINSTREL**
.... FORCING HIM TO SKIP
A BEAT!



THE DOLL MAN

FEATURE COMICS

FOLKS, THE SOAPSEAZEE COMPANY ANNOUNCES A SENSATIONAL CONTEST! THE PRIZE IS \$50,000 CASH... AND IT GOES TO THE SINGER WHO IS ADJUDGED THE BEST MODERN MINSTREL!



ELIMINATION CONTESTS WILL BE HELD ALL OVER THE NATION! YOU WILL BE THE JUDGES! JUST SEND YOUR VOTE TO THE SOAPSEAZEE COMPANY! AND ONE MONTH FROM TODAY THE WINNER WILL BROADCAST FROM THIS STATION!



CONTEST FOR MINSTREL PRIZE IN FINAL STAGES!



AT THAT MOMENT...

IMAGINE THAT! THE CONTEST FOR THE GRAND PRIZE IS DOWN TO THREE CONTESTANTS!

THE BOSS IS TALKING TO HIMSELF! HE ALWAYS GETS LIKE THIS WHEN HE'S COOKING UP A NEW IDEA!



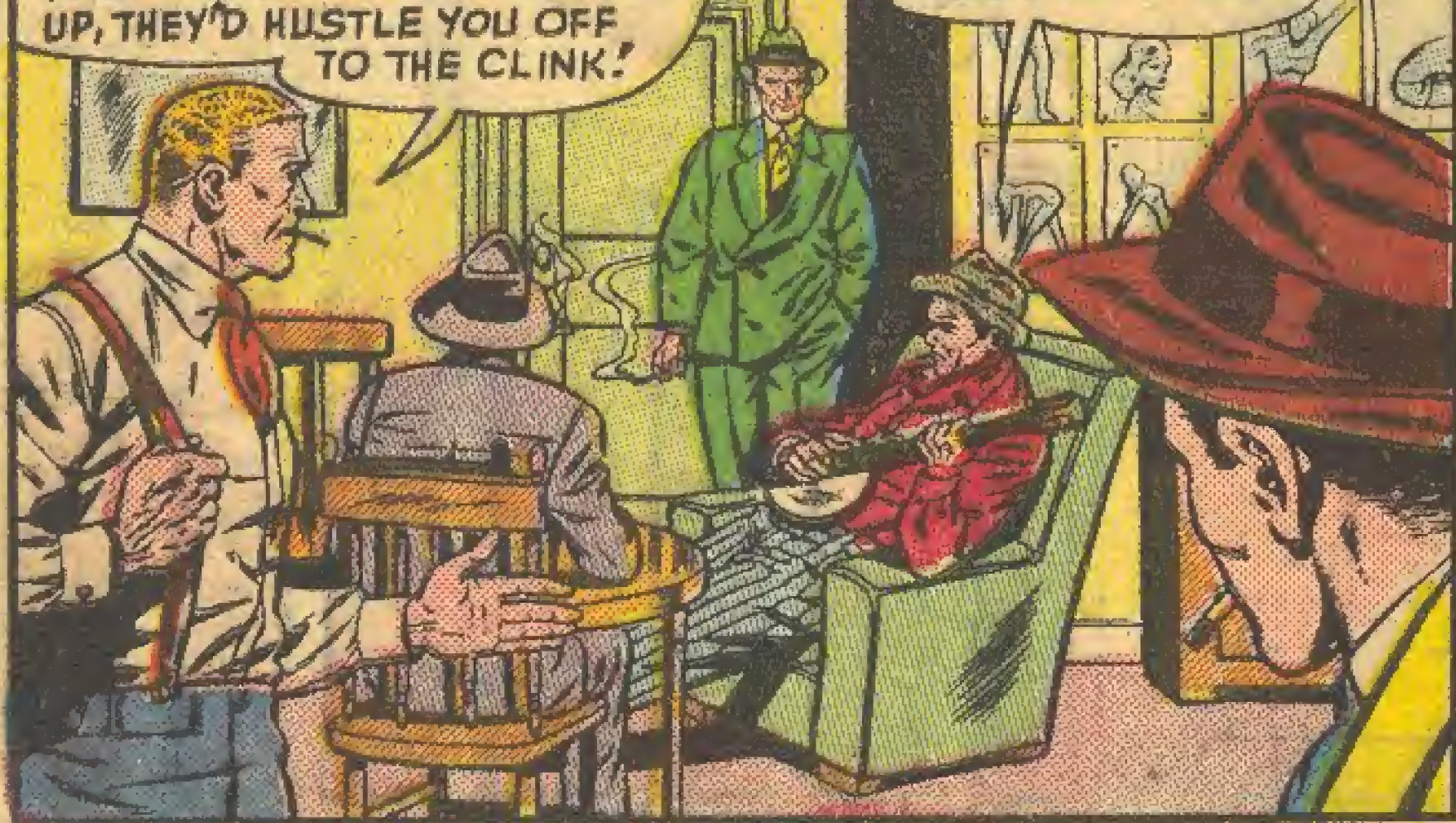
MILLIONS OF VOTES HAVE BEEN CAST... AND NOT A SINGLE ONE FOR ME! YET THE PALTRY FOOLS COMPETING HAVEN'T A HUNDREDTH PART OF MY TALENT!

YEAH, MINSTREL... BUT YOU COULDN'T AFFORD TO ENTER A CONTEST LIKE THAT!



THE POLICE IN A HUNDRED CITIES ARE LOOKIN' FOR YOU! THE MINUTE YOU SHOWED UP, THEY'D HUSTLE YOU OFF TO THE CLINK!

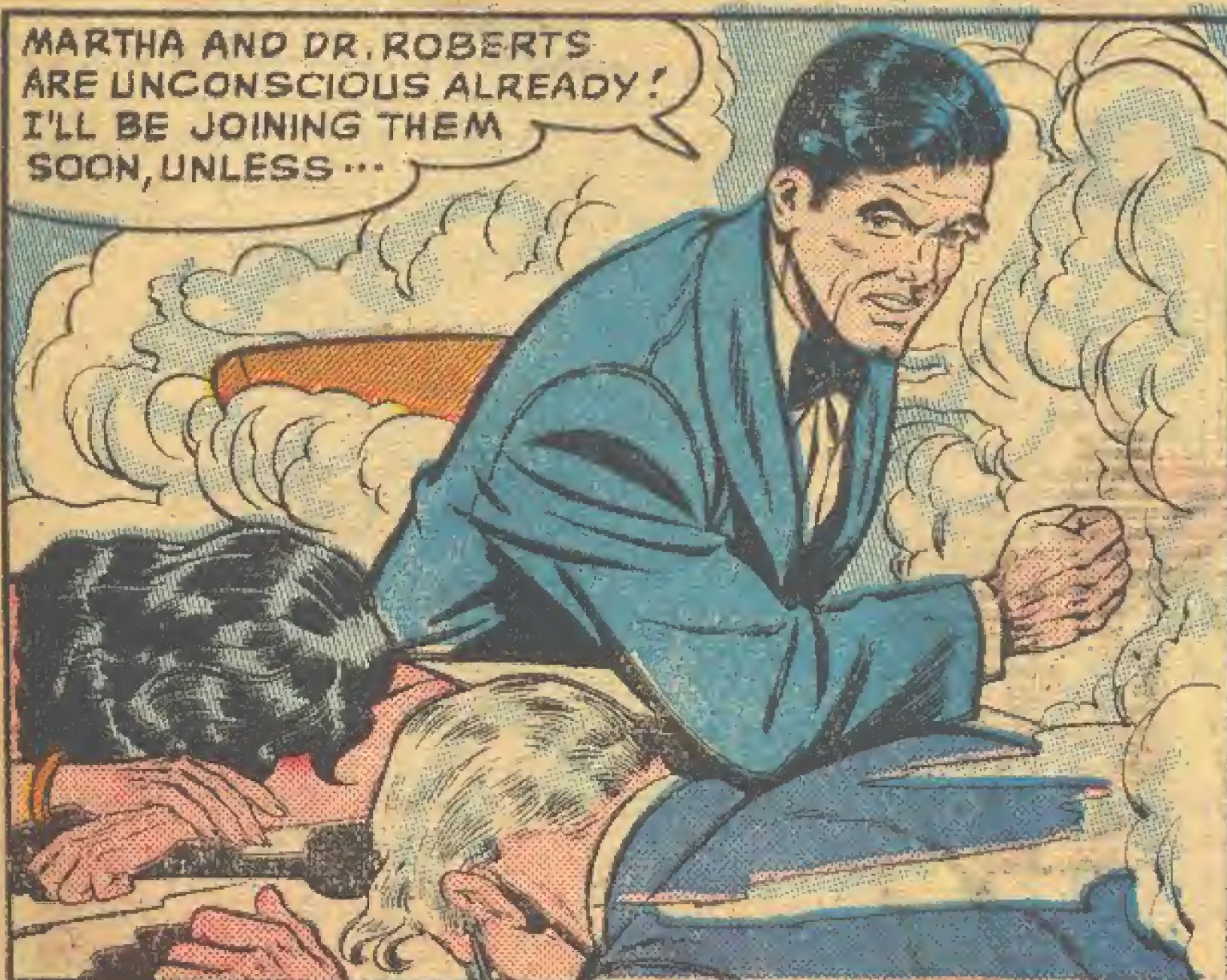
PERHAPS! BUT I'M GOING TO ENTER THE CONTEST, JUST THE SAME!



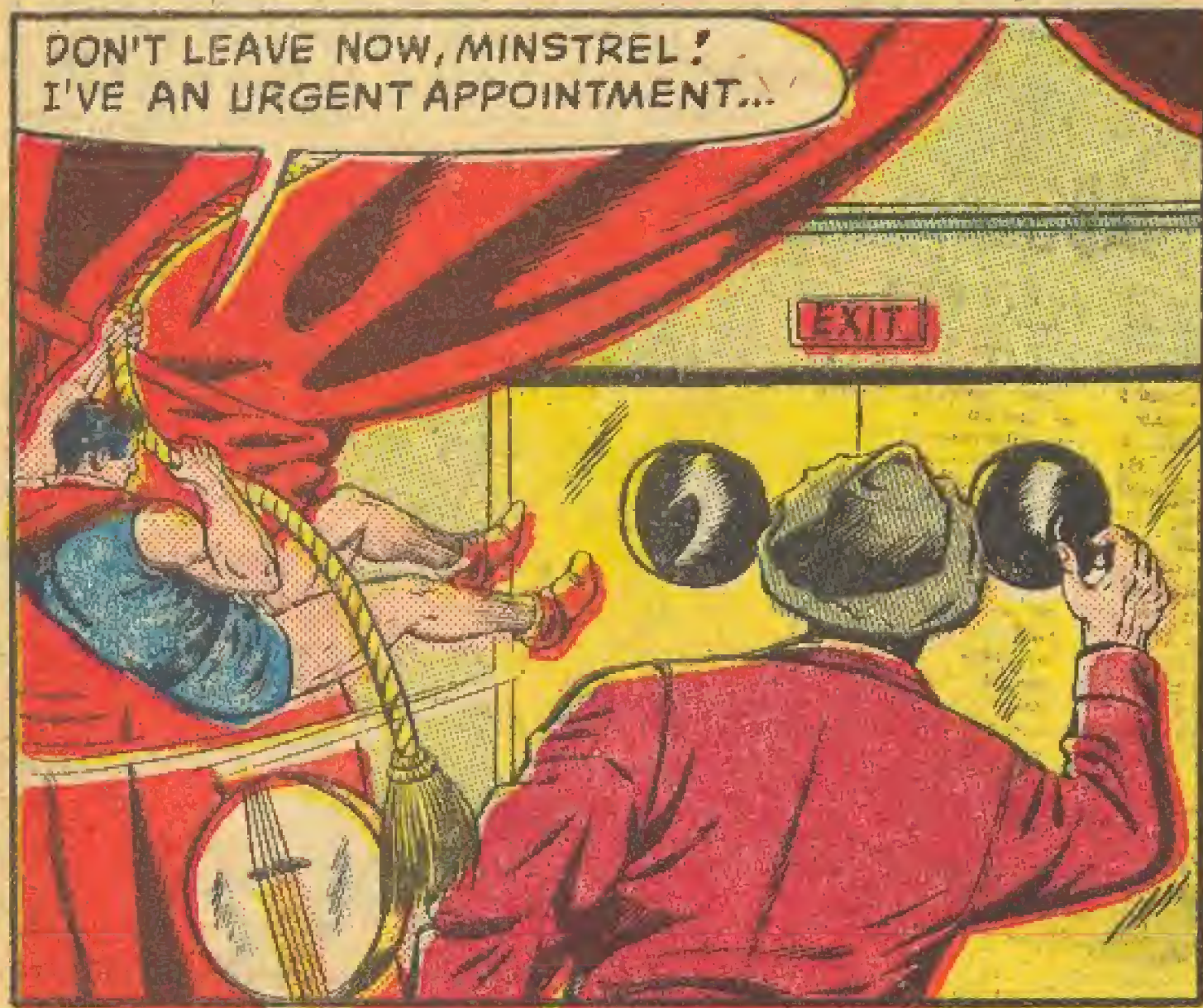
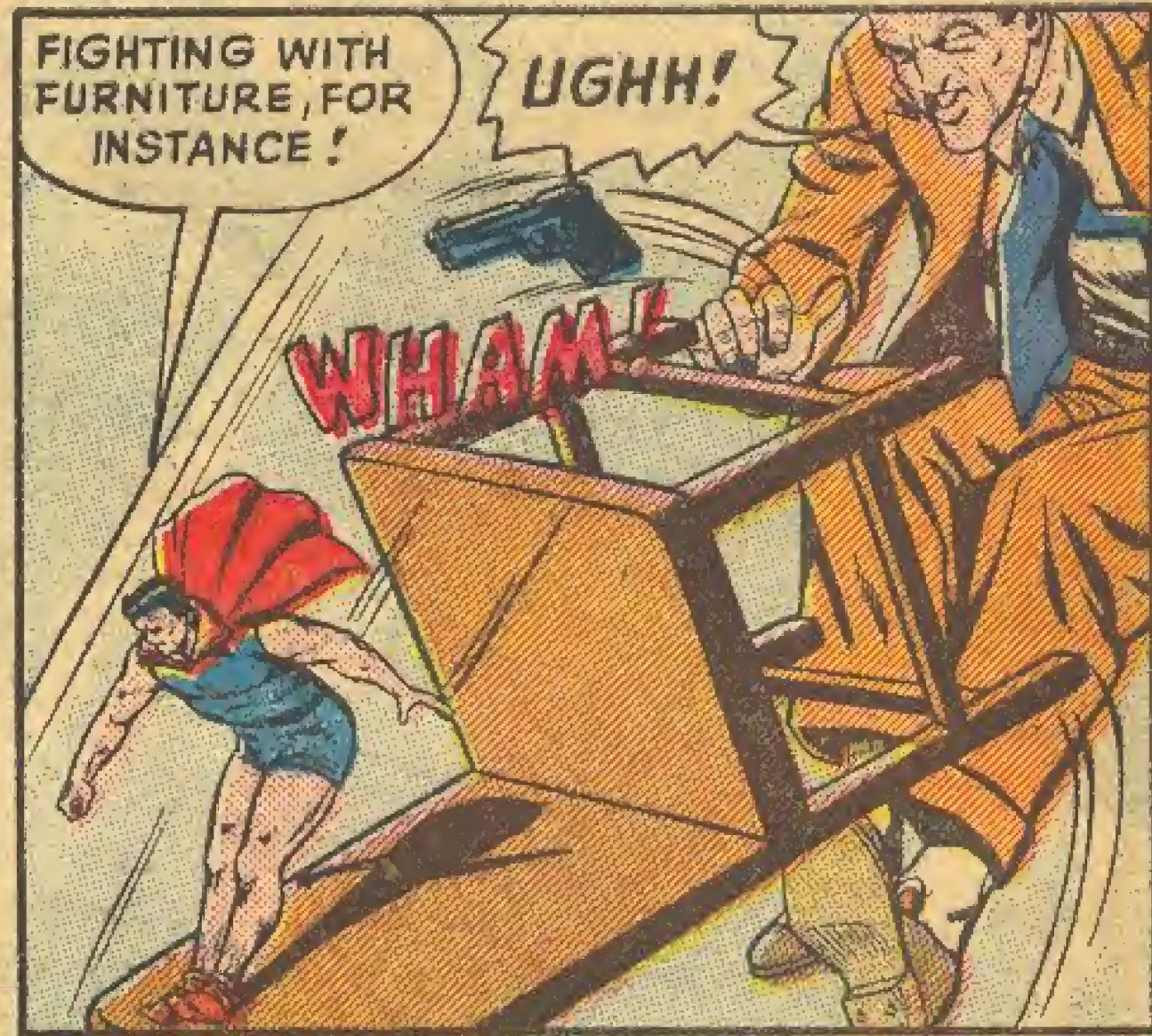
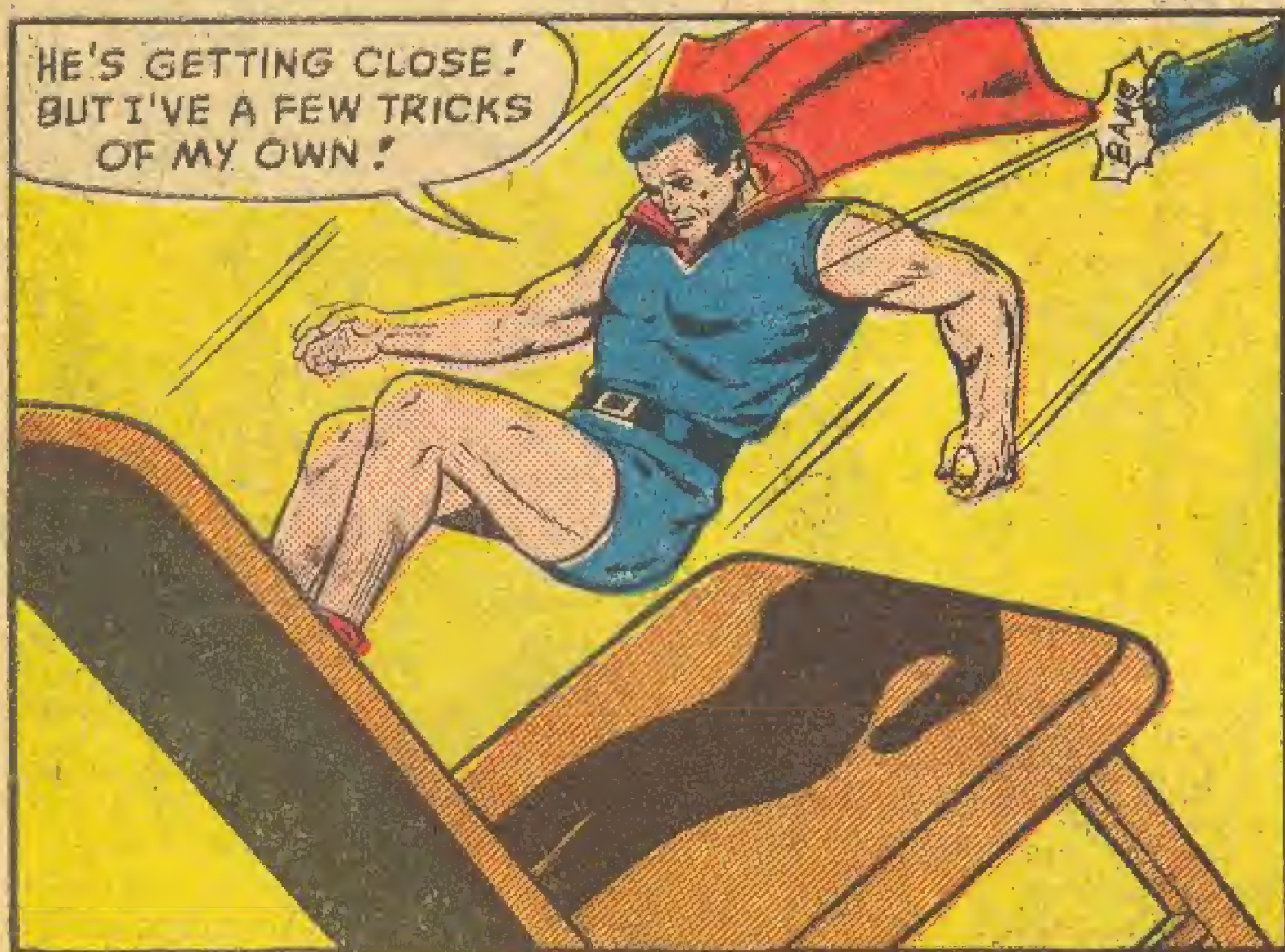
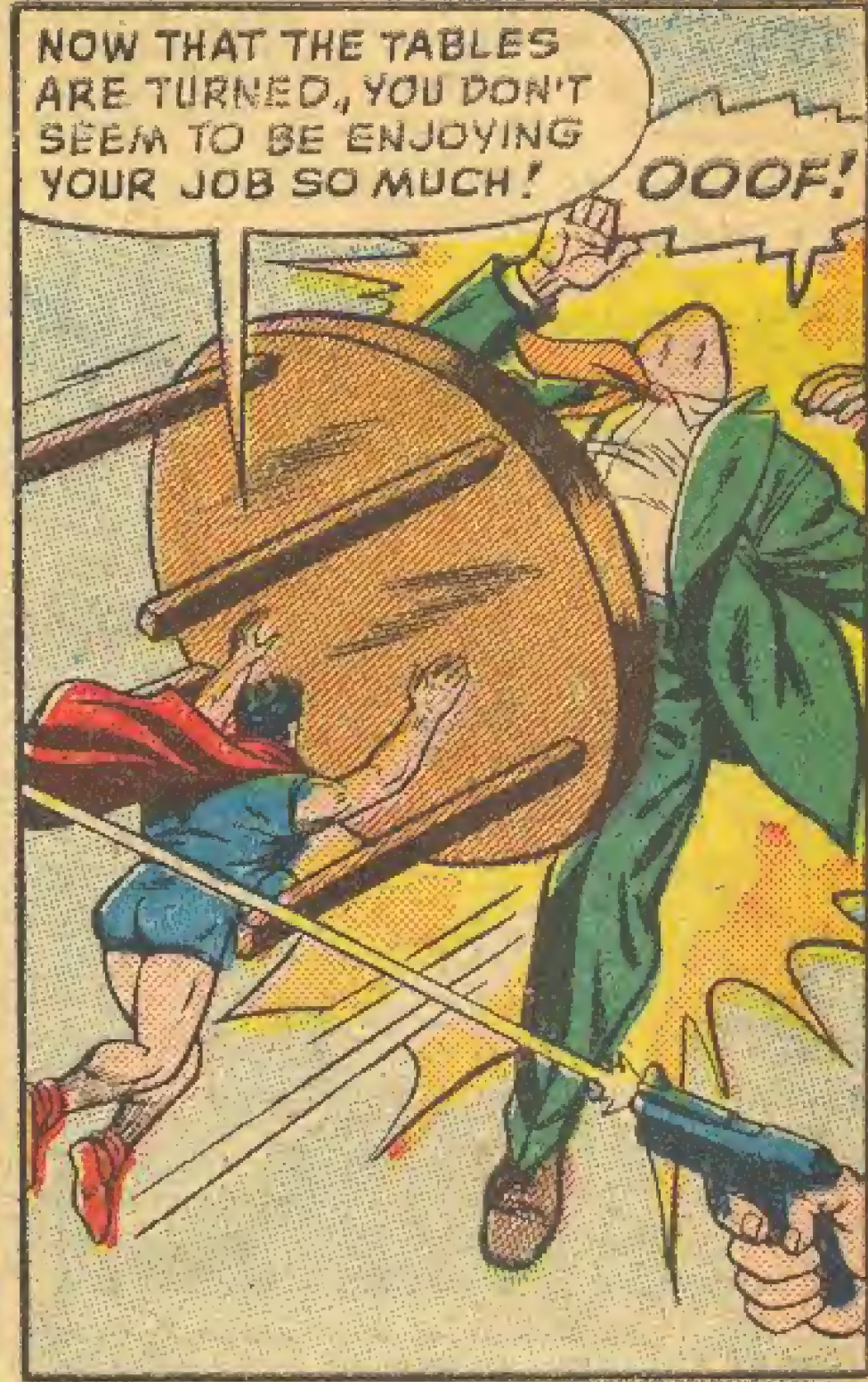
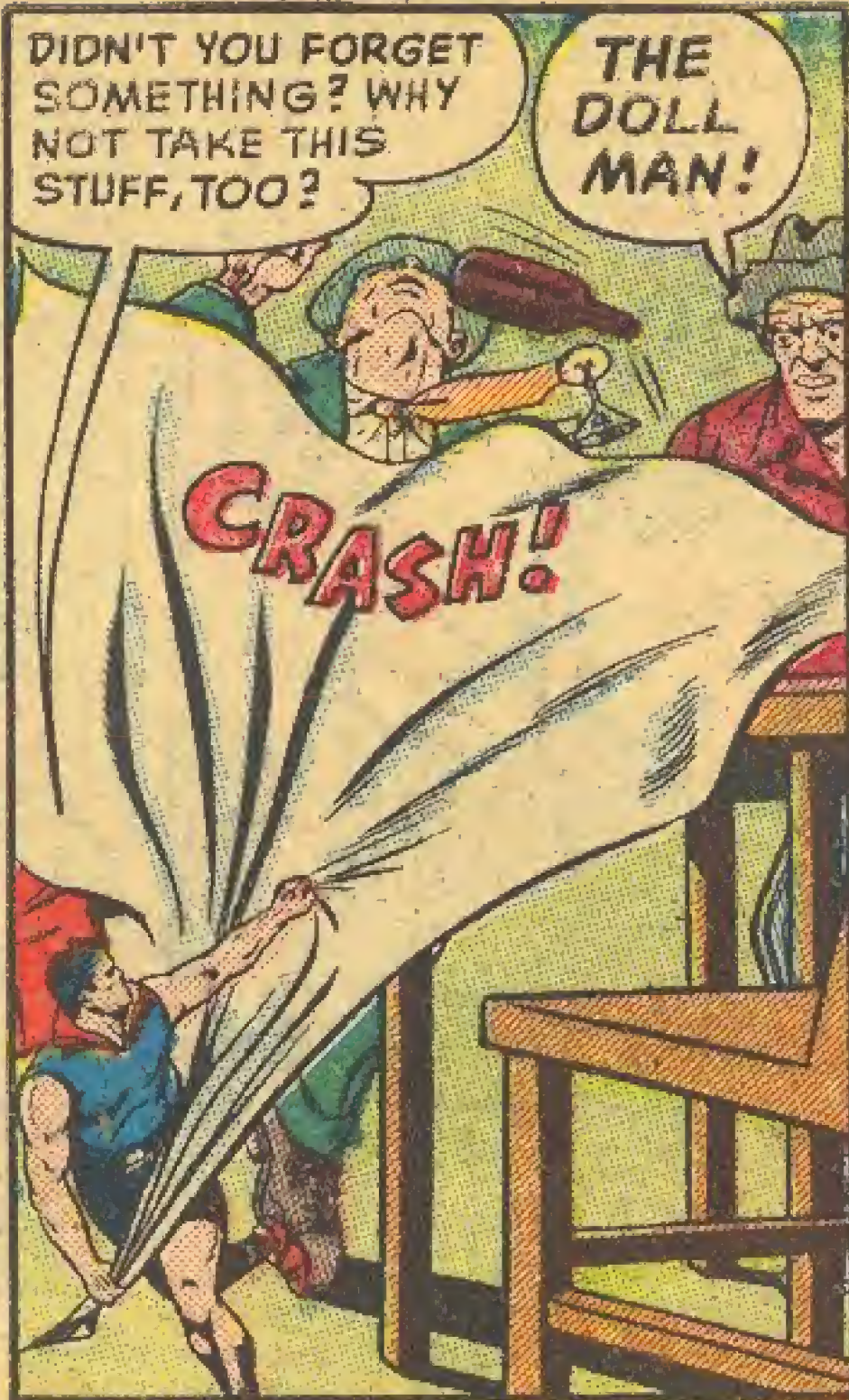
I'LL PROVE THAT I AM THE WORLD'S GREATEST MINSTREL! AND AT THE SAME TIME I'LL HELP MYSELF TO A FORTUNE! THIS IS A PERFECT OPPORTUNITY TO DISPLAY MY TWIN TALENTS FOR MUSIC... AND CRIME!

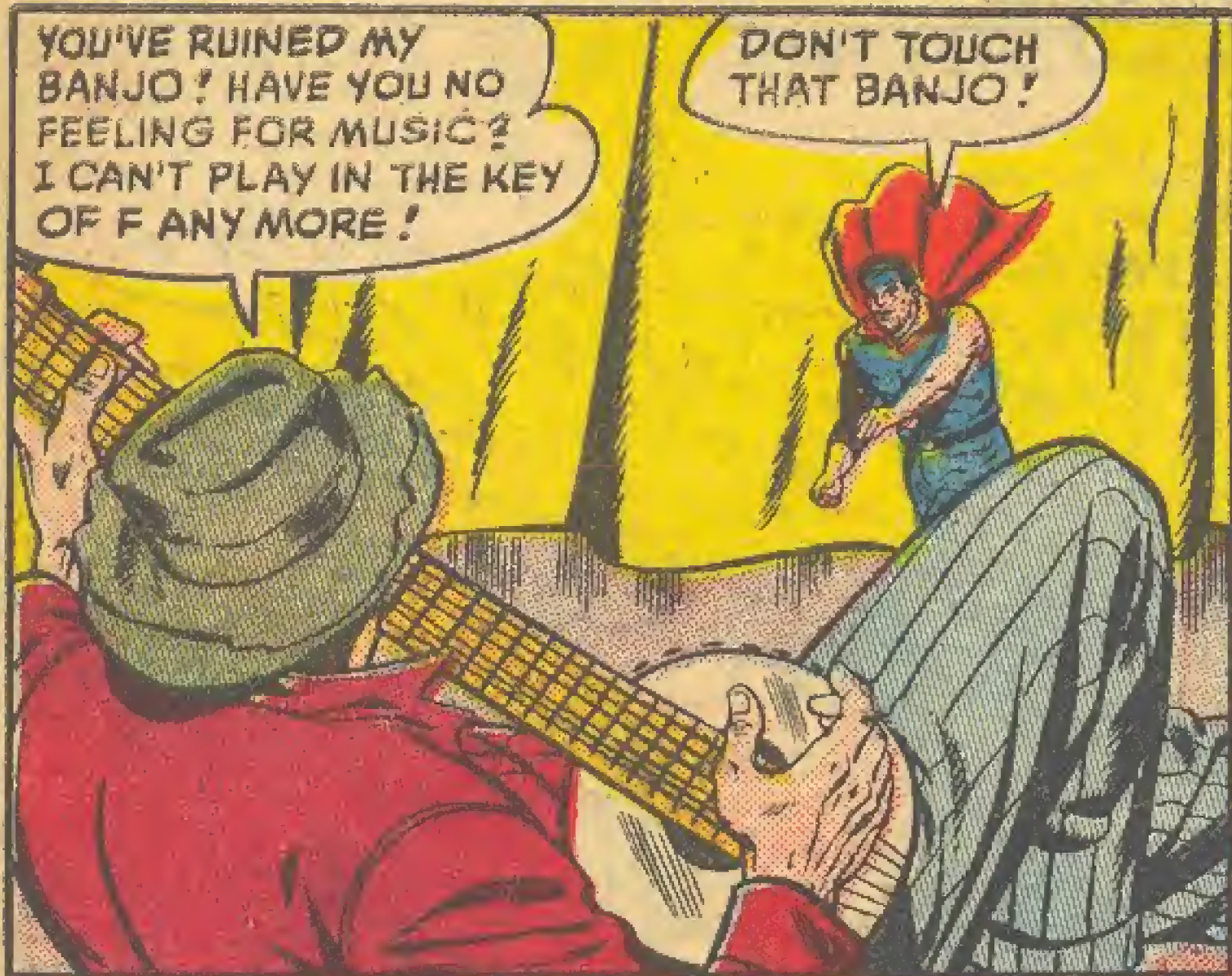


FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS





The Daily Press

MINSTREL STRIKES!

ROBS NIGHT CLUB DURING HARRY HURL TROUBADOUR ACT!

In a loud... saw one of the old... the county... legs... crowd and under... beside our man... streak, waving... glaring out at B... and sweating with... well, and over, won... out... and... and saw their... watch him for th... that's the D... Then I know. B... and loved... I know how th... have time... turned... and... out there when I... playing...

If you get a che... are at five and... "ought to" Patsy... the receiver... John had gathered... down the str... the afternoon paper... and left on the ed... be ask... for the man... He's got someone... you sit down... for... the rest of it... He's a time... ro... which... half... The... we... the... the... the... and... en... again... "Am... a... ain't...



FEATURE COMICS

ON THE CONTRARY, I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO A RETURN ENGAGEMENT! ALL GREAT ARTISTS, SUCH AS MYSELF, HAVE THEIR DETRACTORS! IT WILL GIVE ME ADDITIONAL SATISFACTION TO SQUELCH HIM!



SEVERAL DAYS LATER...

I'M SO GLAD YOU SUGGESTED WE GO TO THE RODEO, DARREL! I HAVEN'T BEEN TO ONE SINCE I WAS A CHILD!

I'M AFRAID I'VE A VERY GROWN-UP REASON FOR WANTING TO BE HERE TONIGHT!



TEXAS SLIM IS ANOTHER OF THE THREE LEADING CONTESTANTS FOR THE MINSTREL PRIZE!

HMM! I SEE! YOU THINK THE MINSTREL MAY CHOOSE TO MAKE ANOTHER IMPROMPTU APPEARANCE HERE AT THE RODEO!

THE LEADING SINGER OF WESTERN BALLADS APPEARS IN PERSON AT EVERY PERFORMANCE



THE RODEO! A COLORFUL FESTIVAL, FEATURING FIERCE ANIMALS AND FEARLESS MEN!

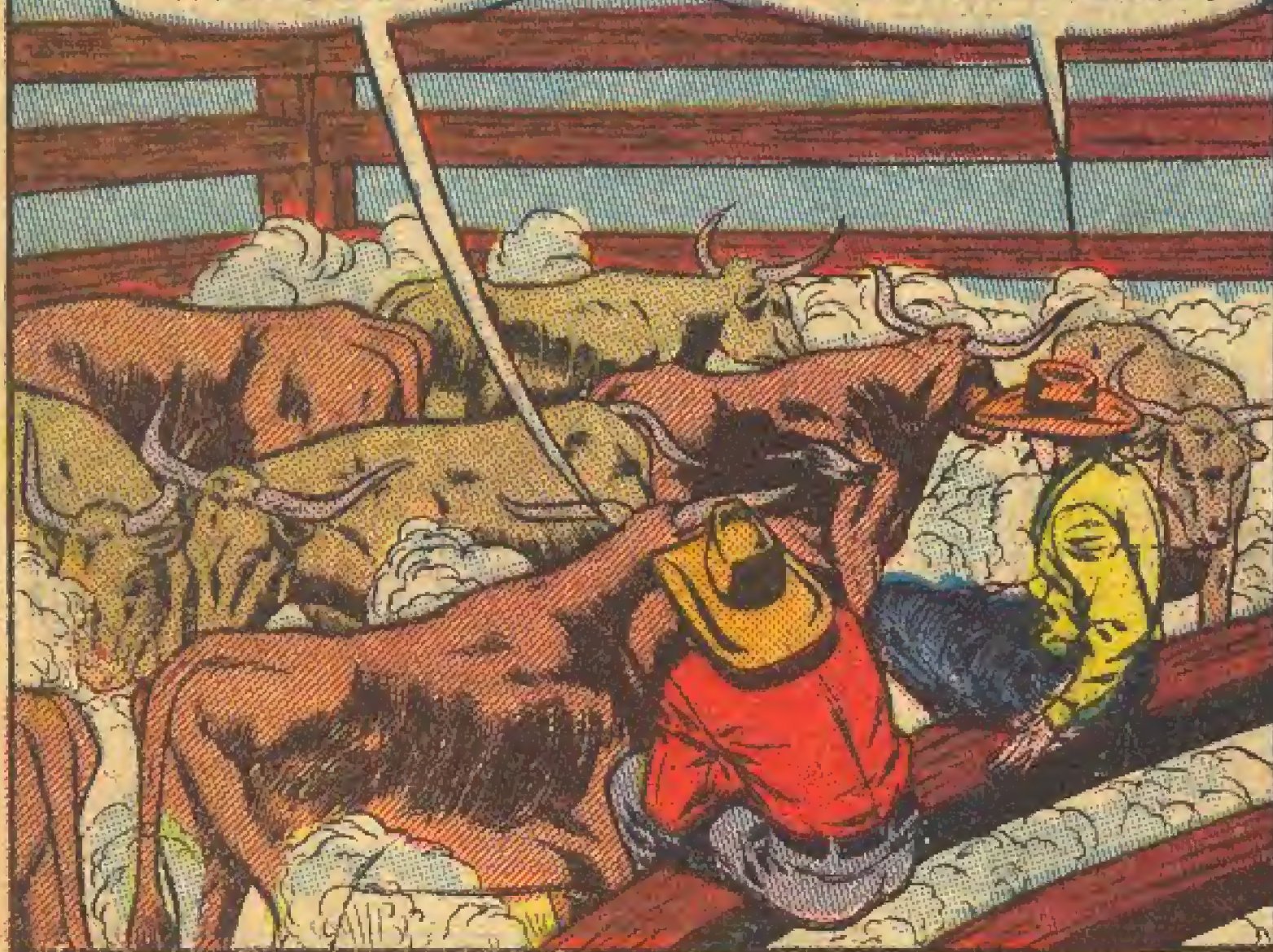
YAHOO!



MEANWHILE, ON THE FLOOR BELOW THE ARENA...

THEM STEERS ARE REALLY SPOILIN' FOR TROUBLE!

YEAH! I'D SURE HATE TO SEE A HERD LIKE THAT ON THE LOOSE!

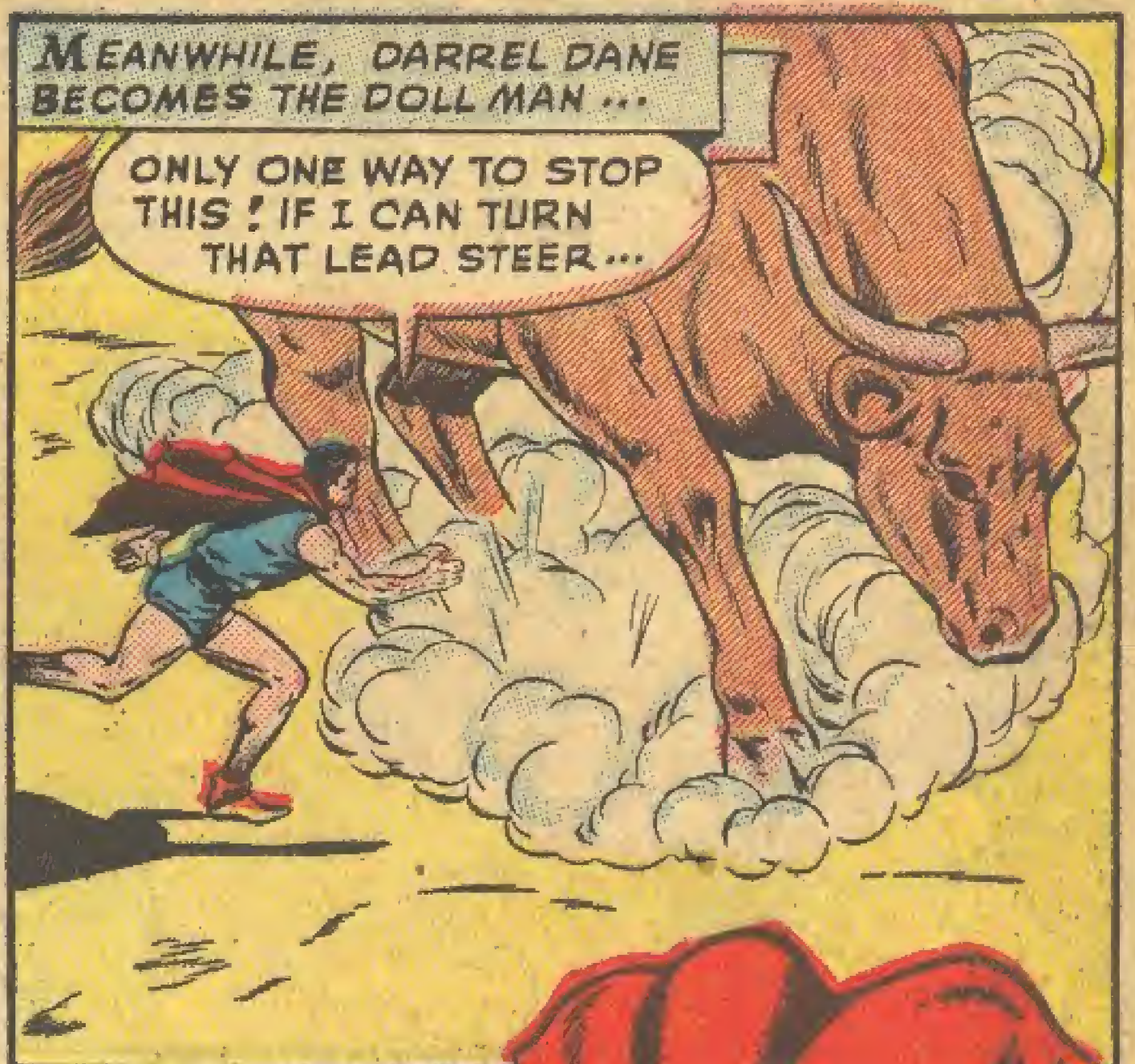


THAT'S PRECISELY WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN! BUT FORTUNATELY YOU WON'T BE AWARE OF IT! TA-DA-DEE-DEE!

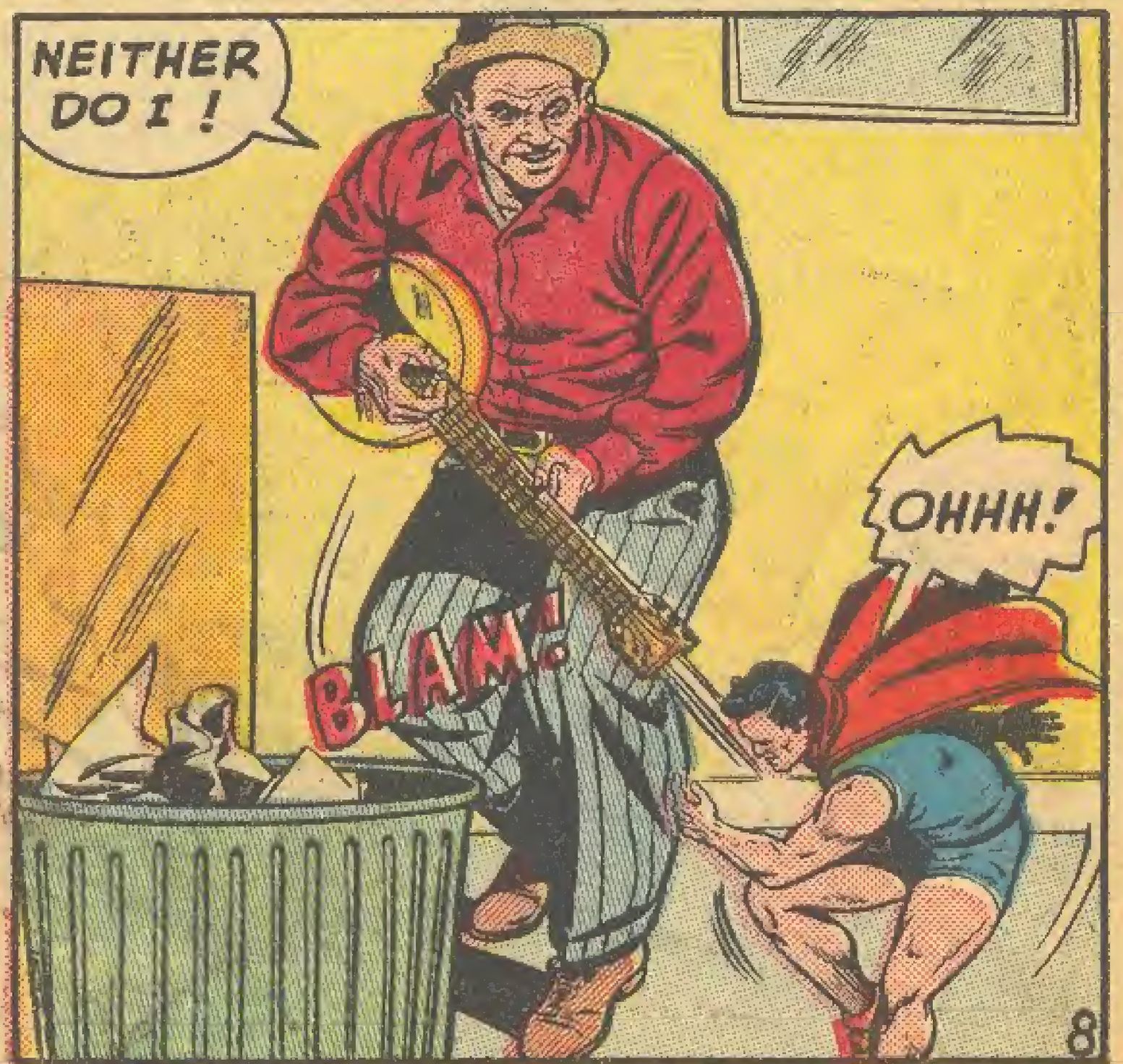
OHhh!

Uhhh!

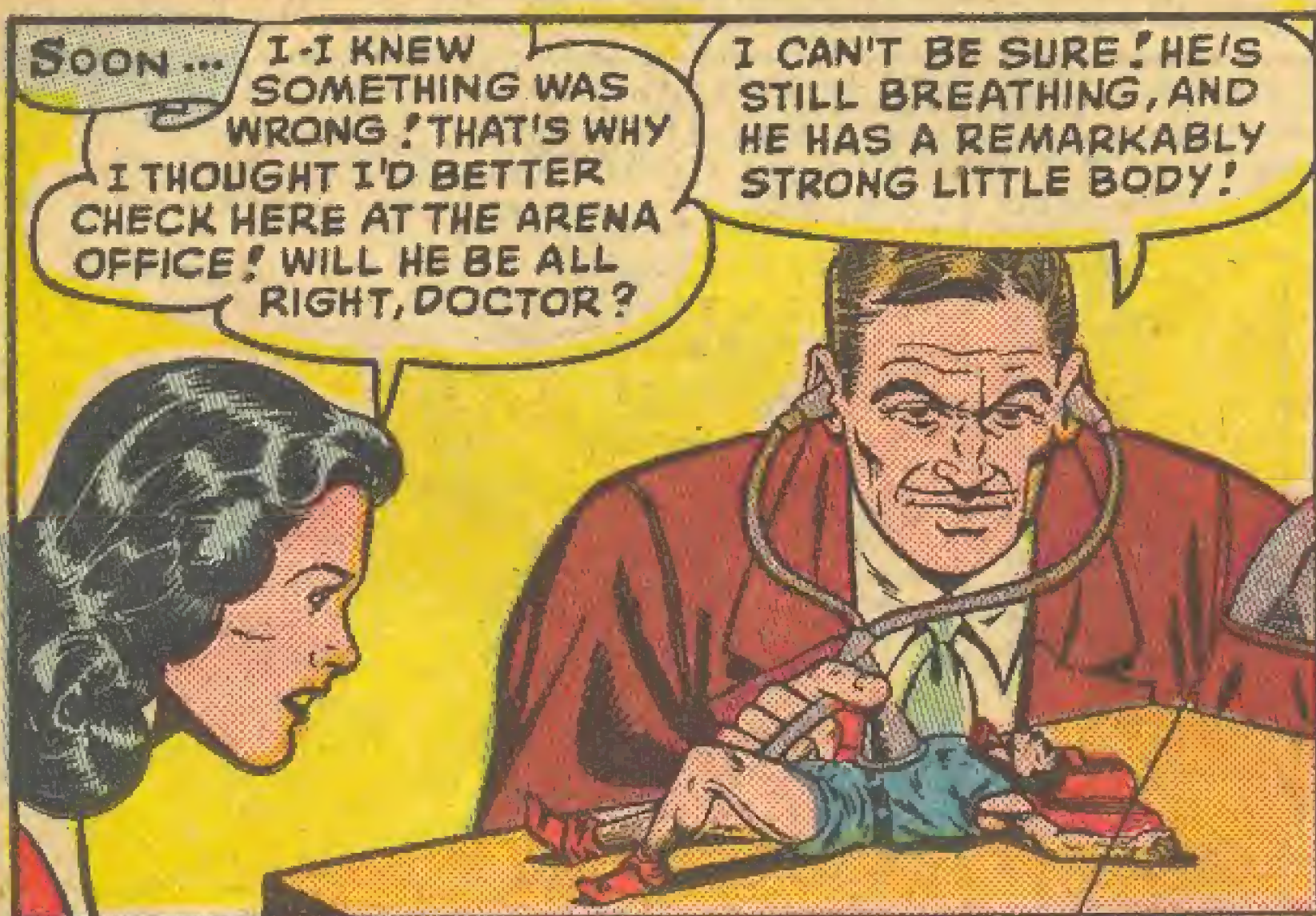




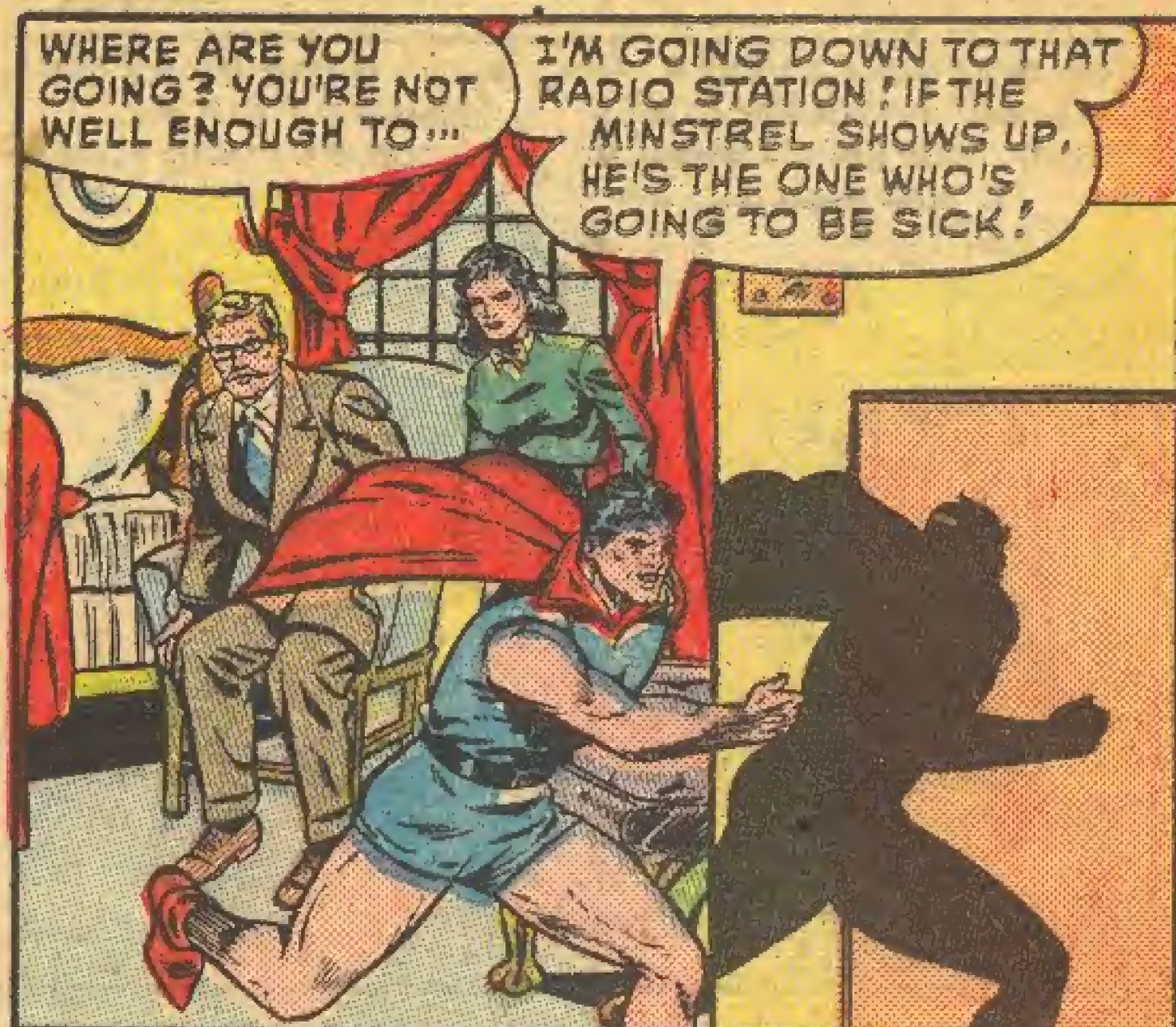
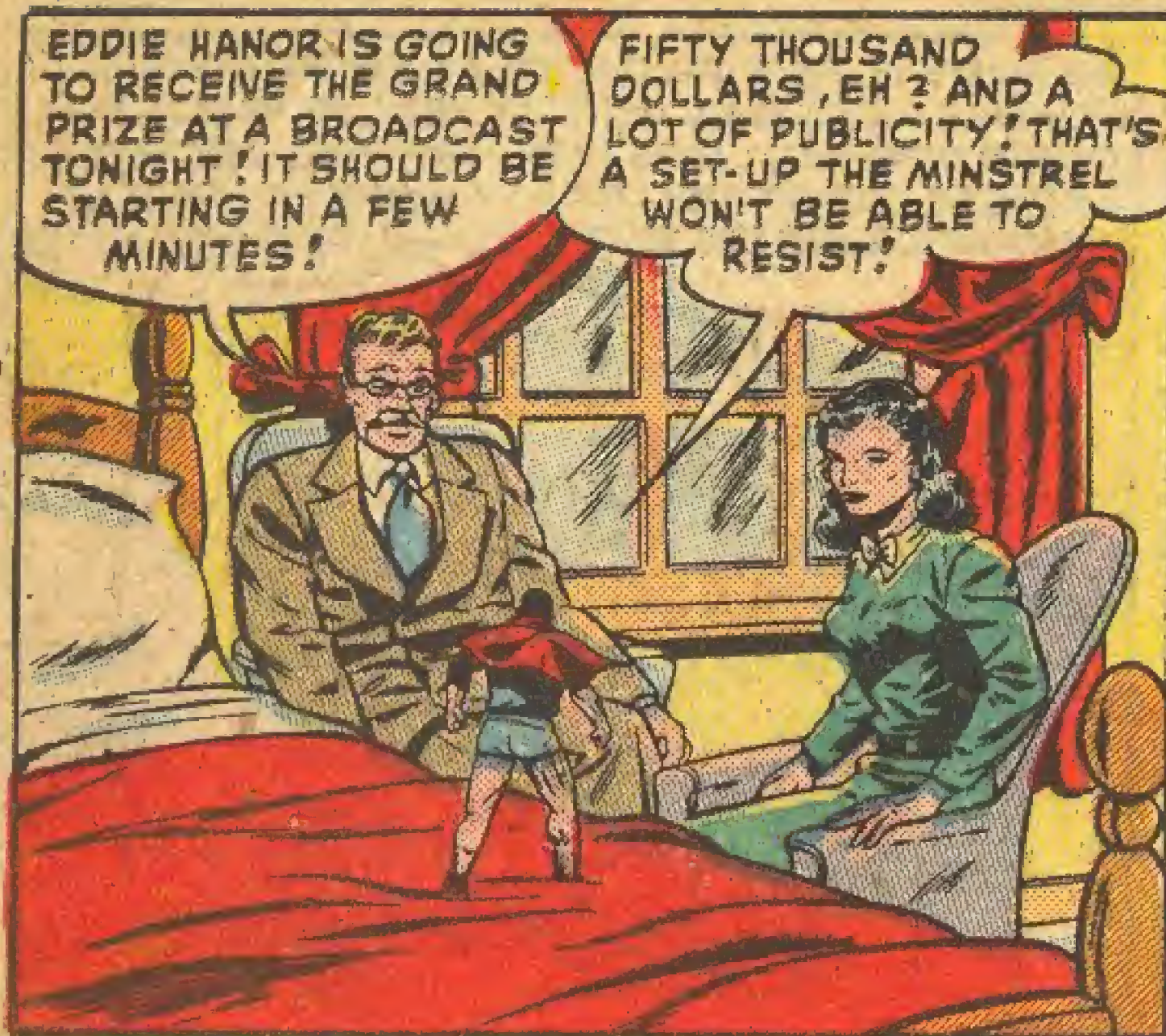
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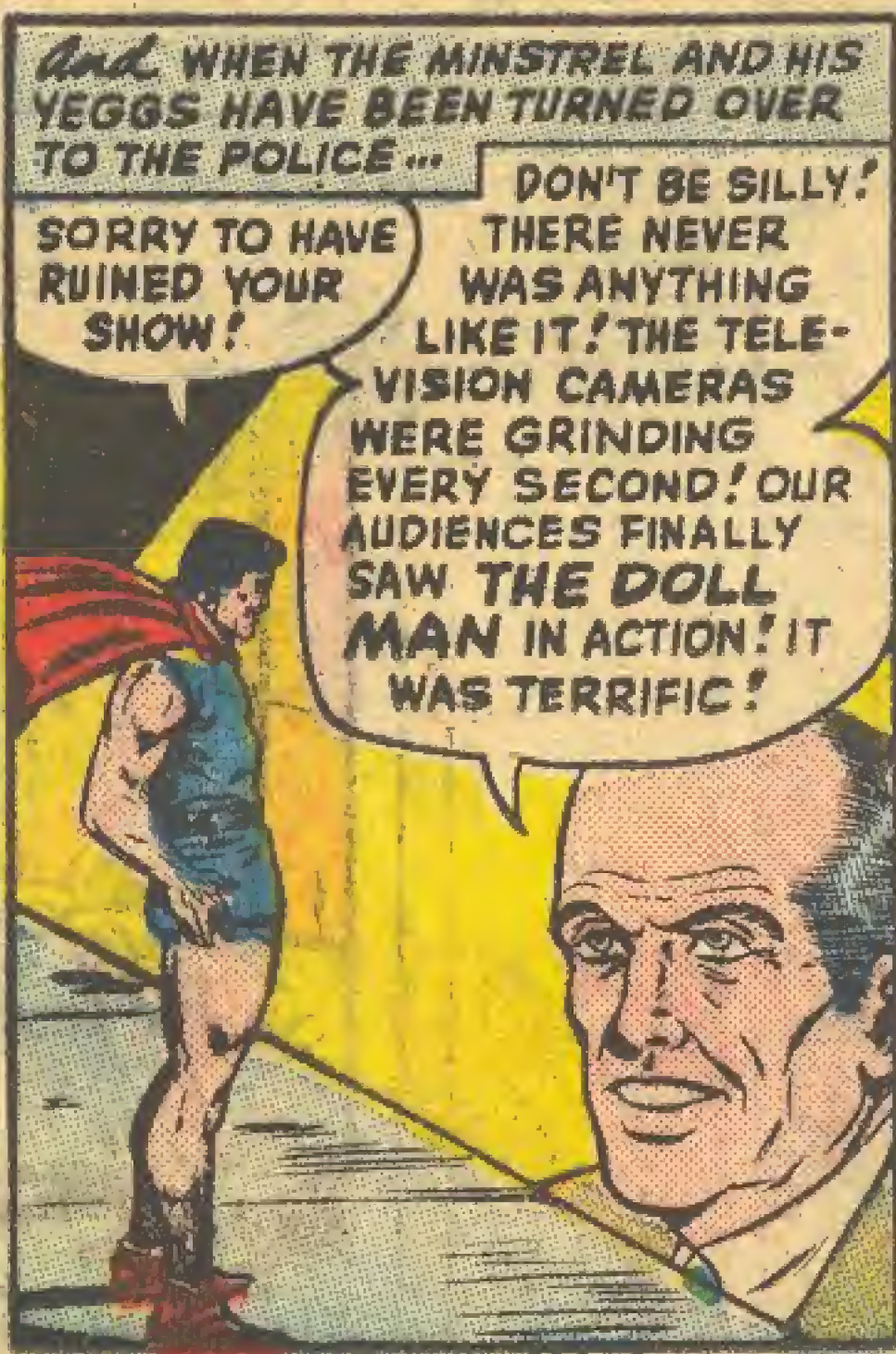
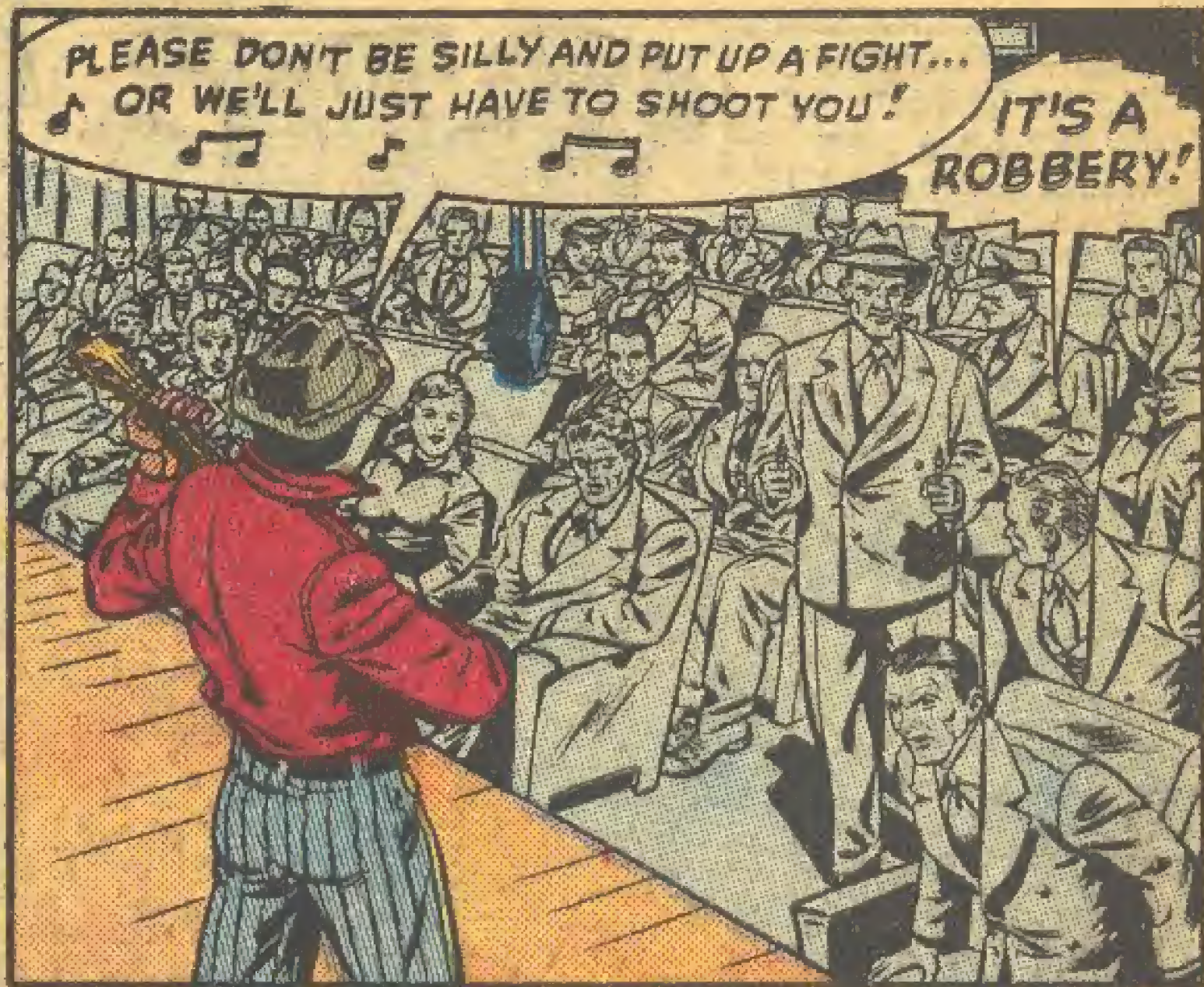
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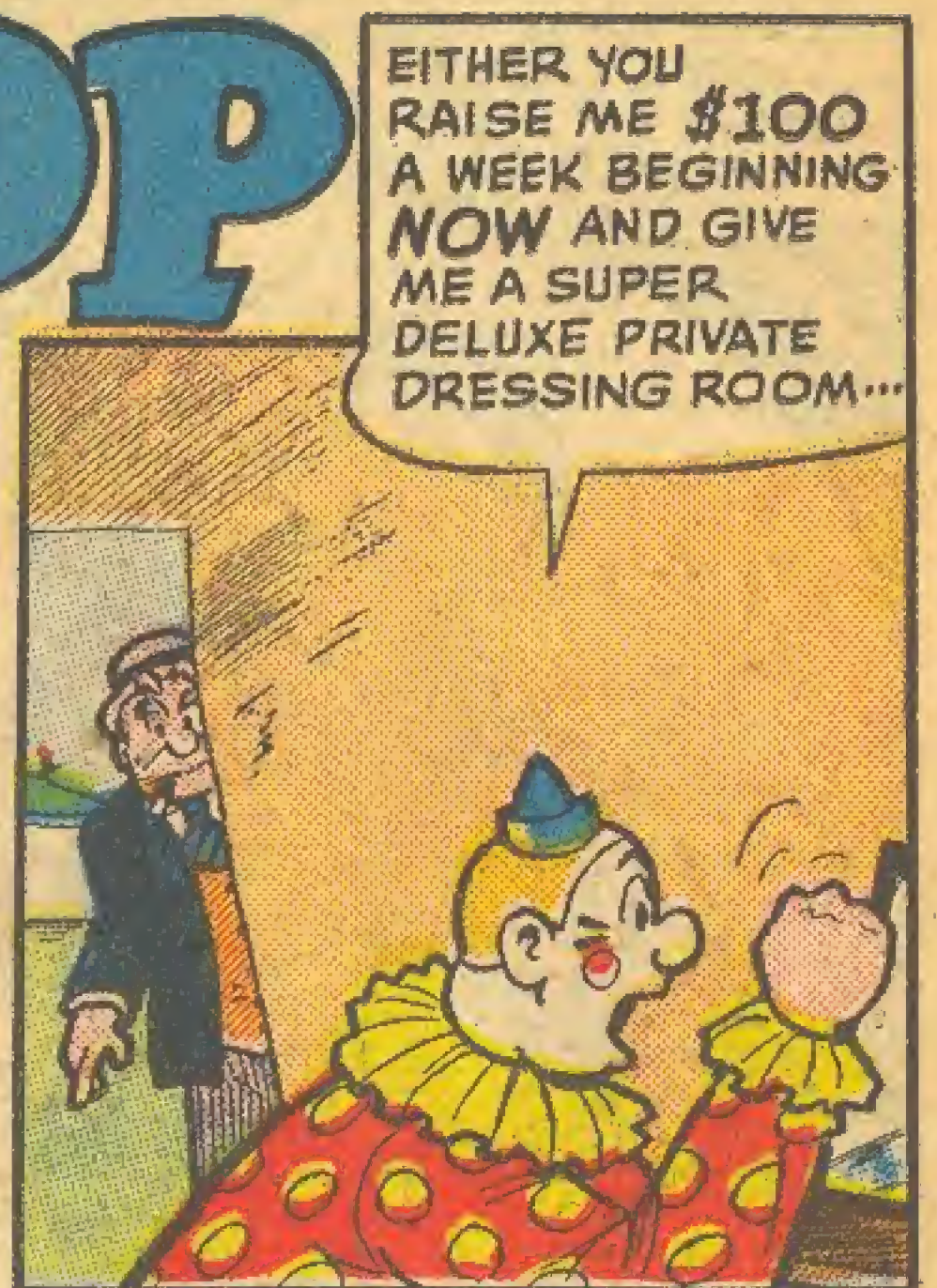
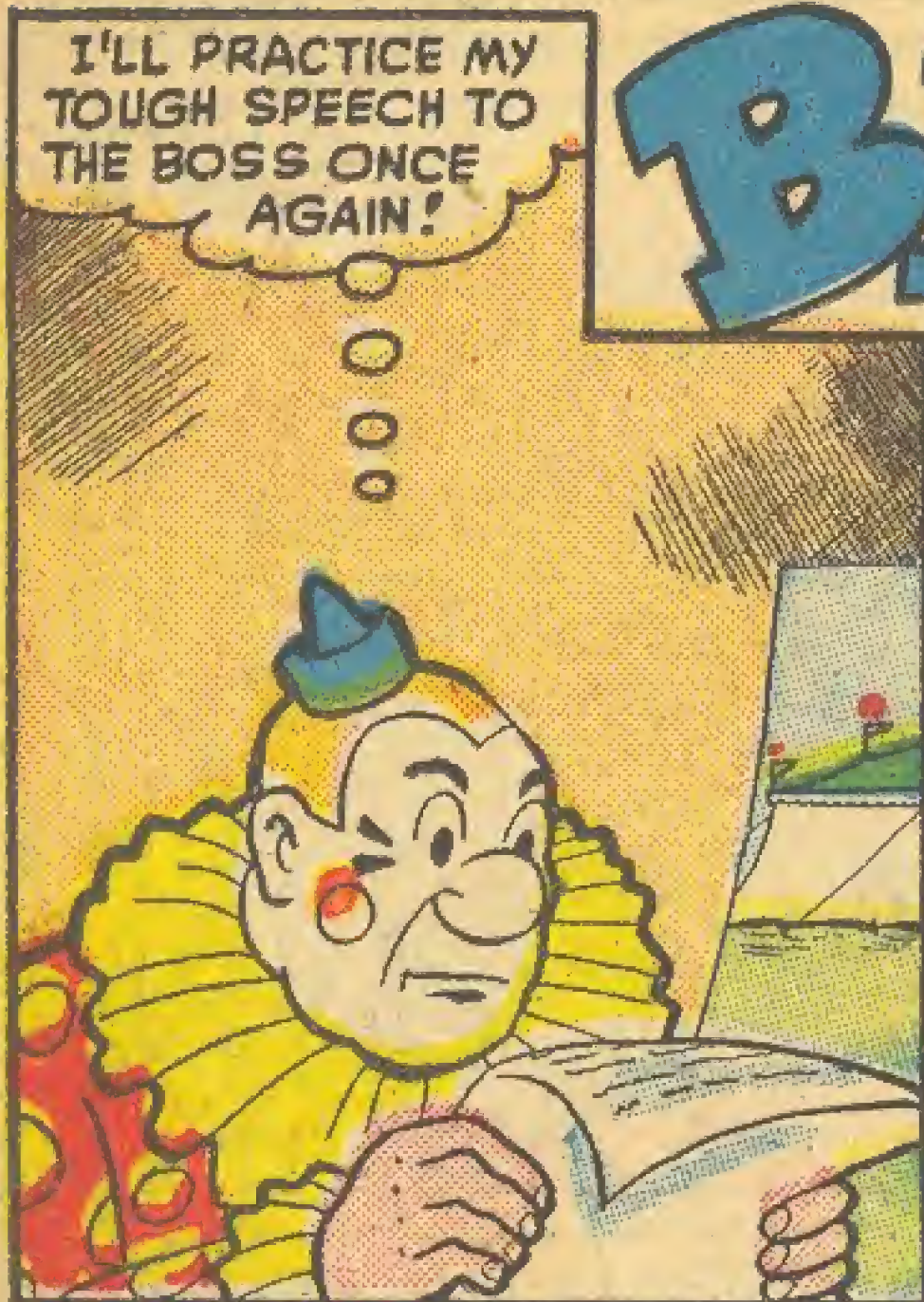
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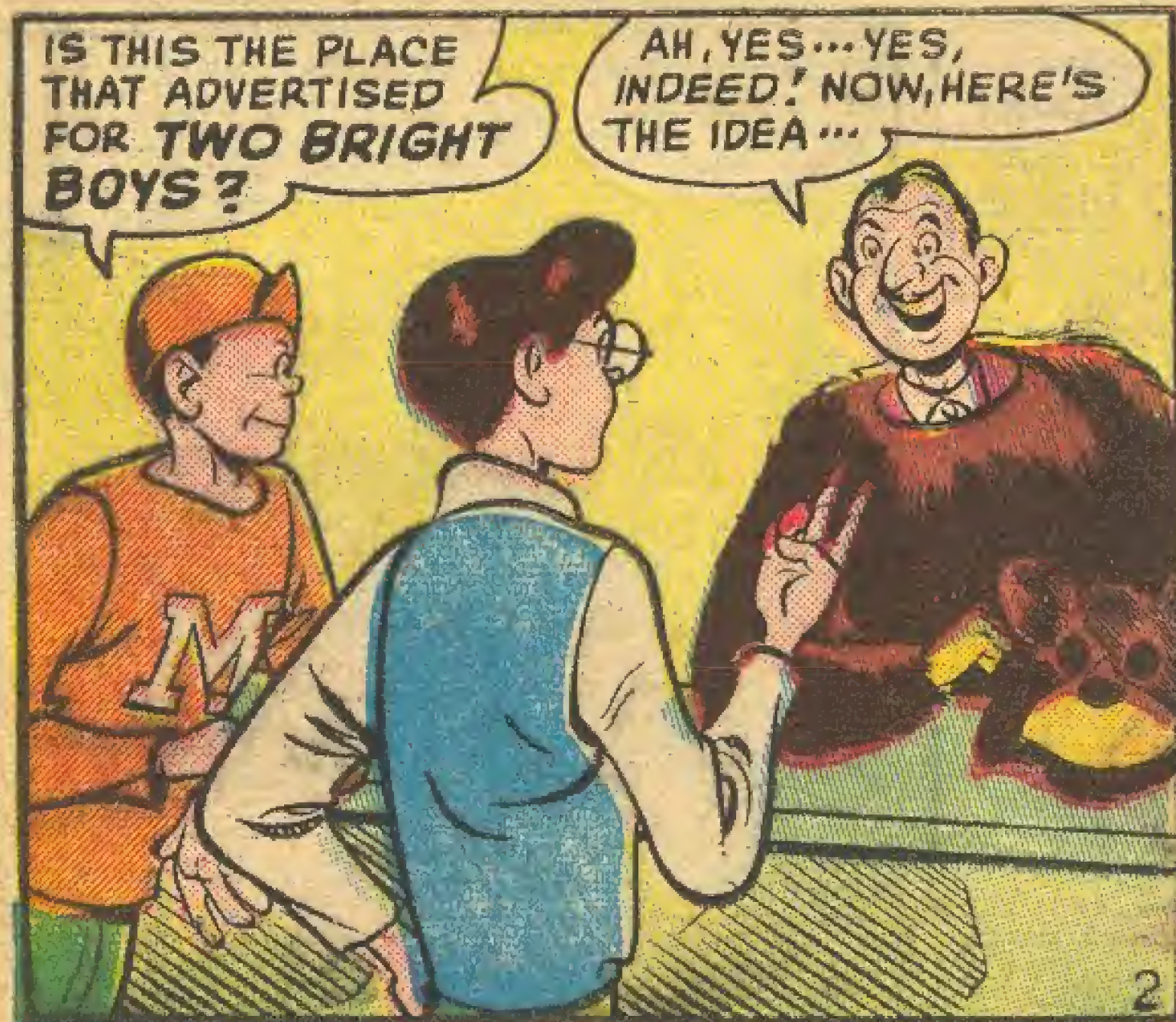
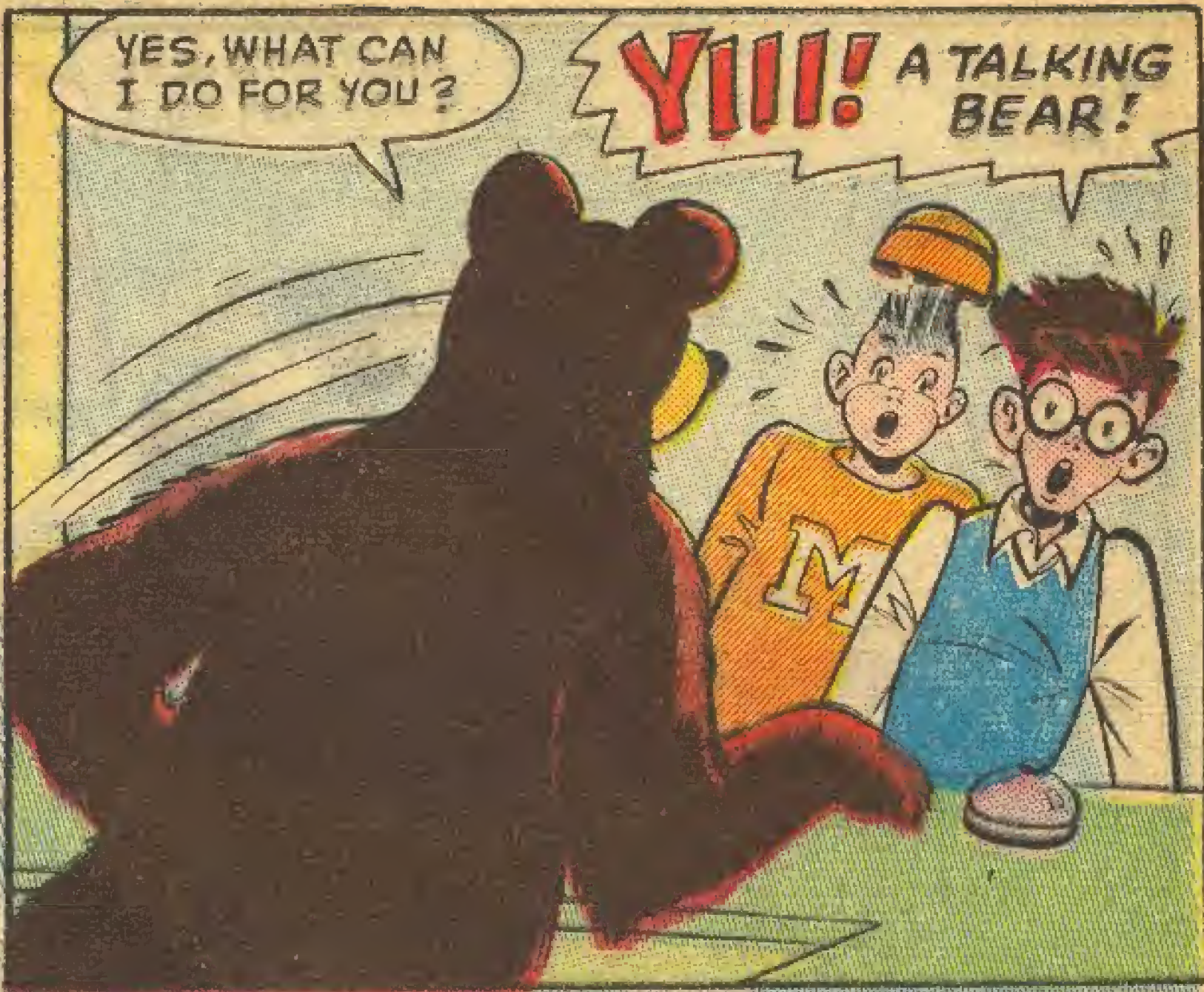
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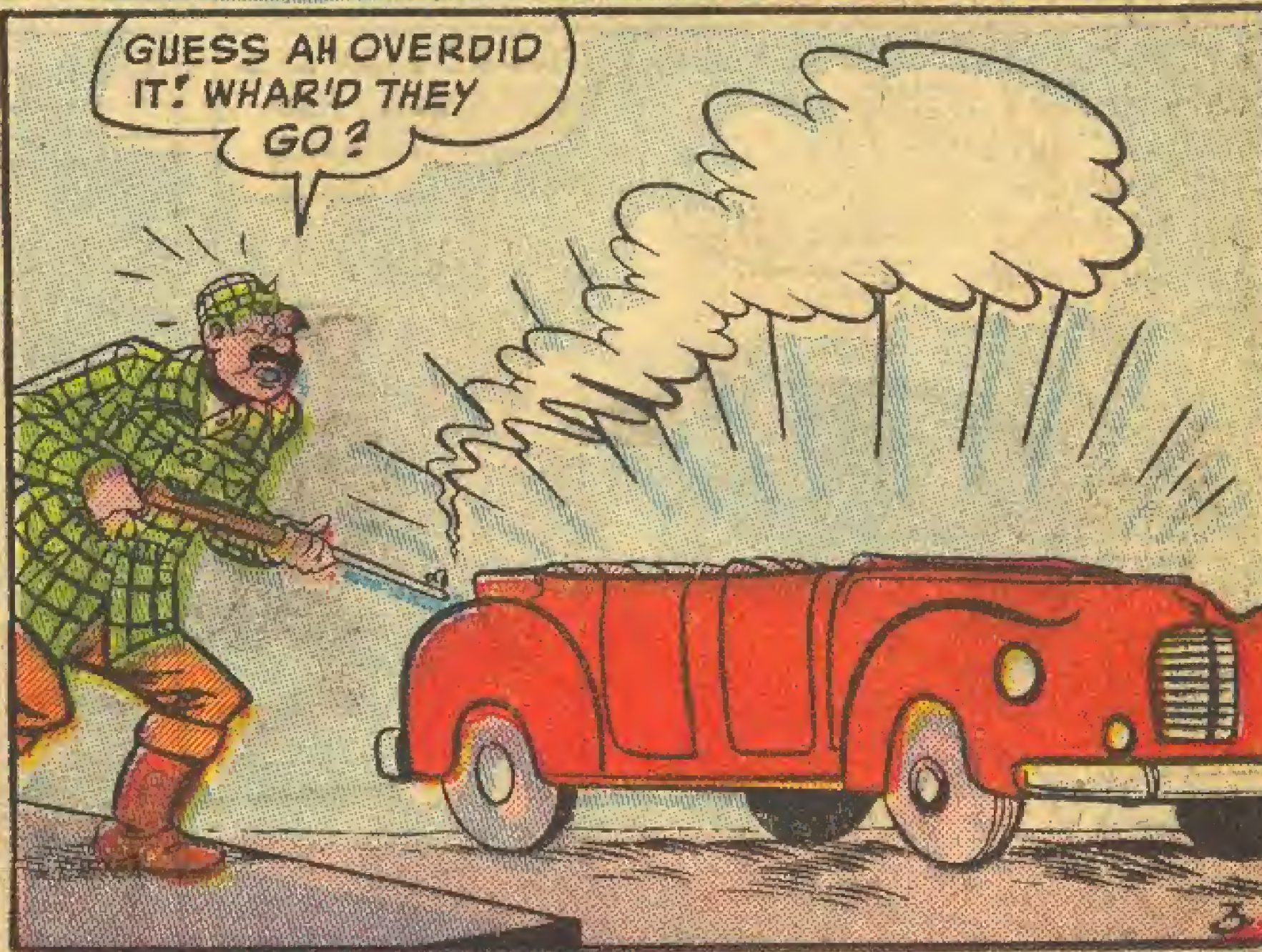
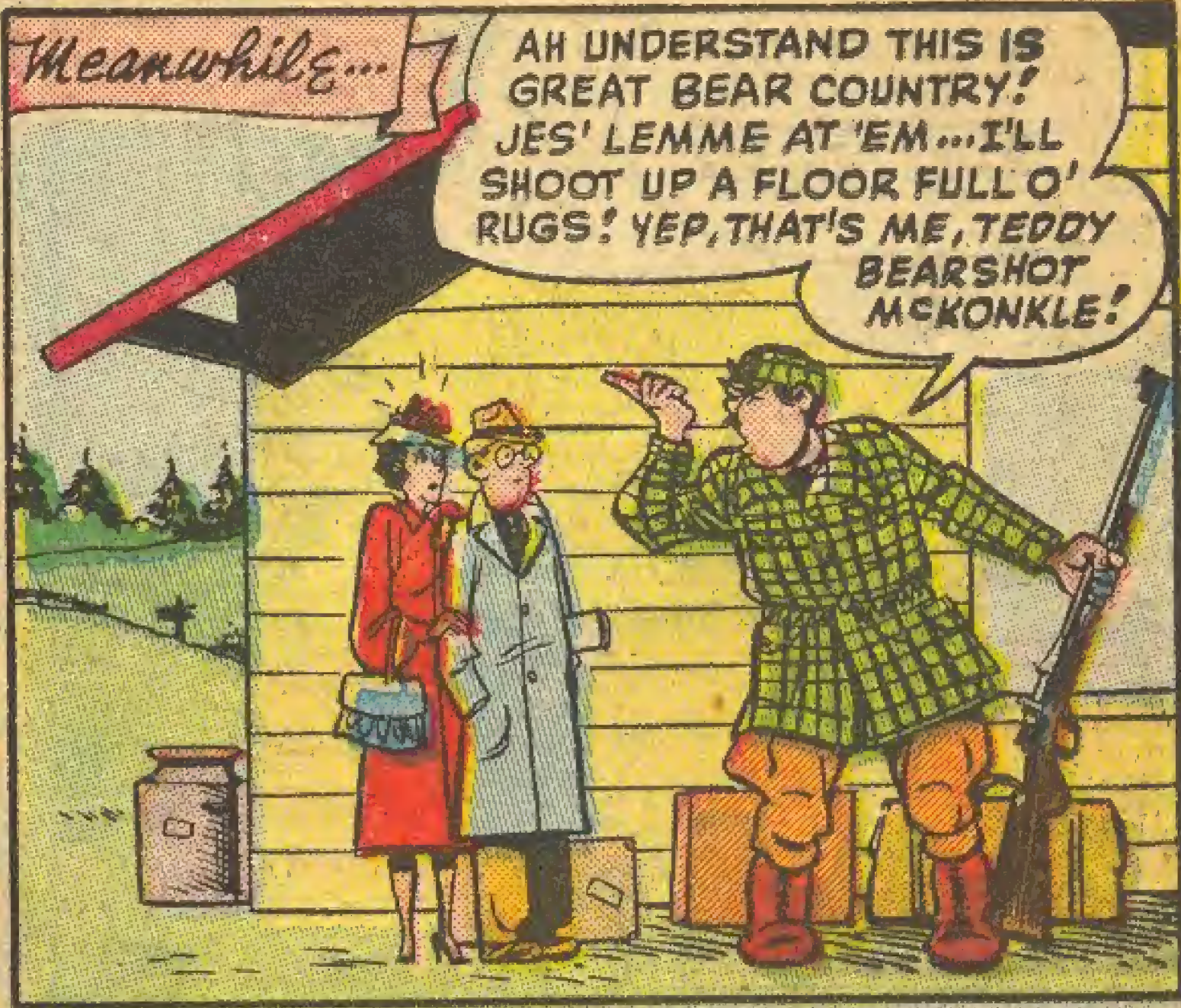


BIG TOP



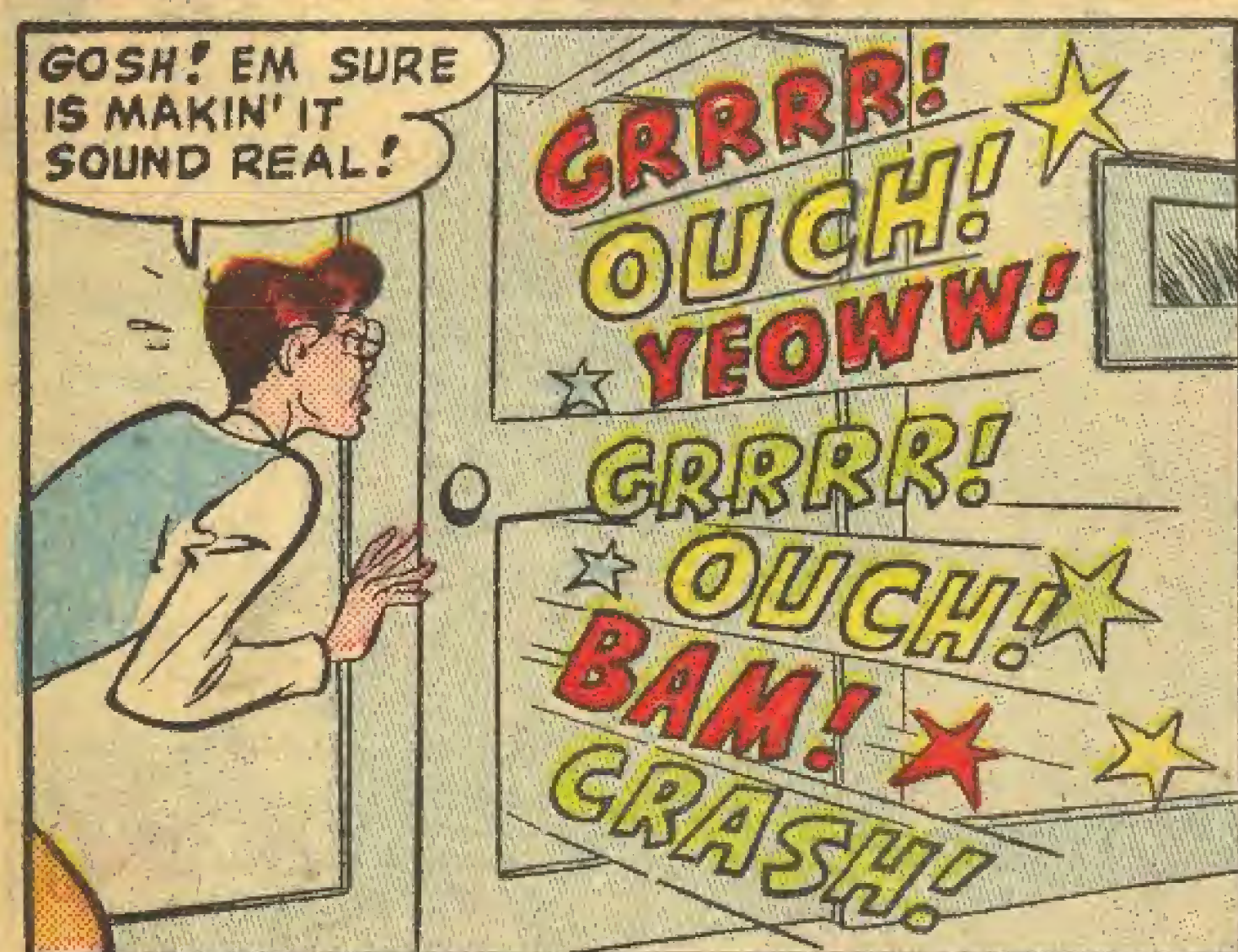








FEATURE COMICS



LALA PALOOZA

I'VE LOOKED EVERY PLACE ELSE... I WONDER IF LALA HID THAT DOUGH IN HER NEW VASE...



BLAST IT! I'M STUCK... CAN'T GET MY HAND OUT OF IT!

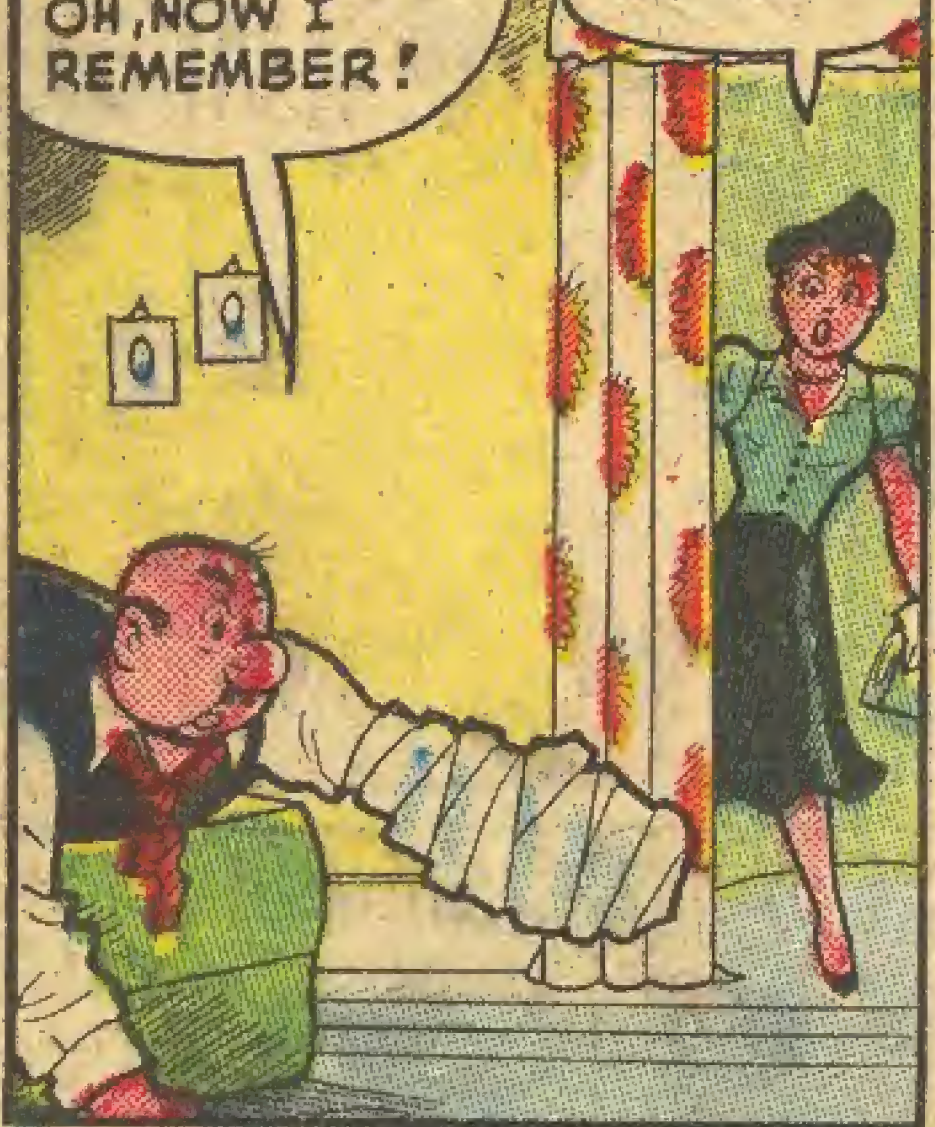


WELL, I GOTTA THINK FAST... LALA WILL BE HERE ANY MINUTE!

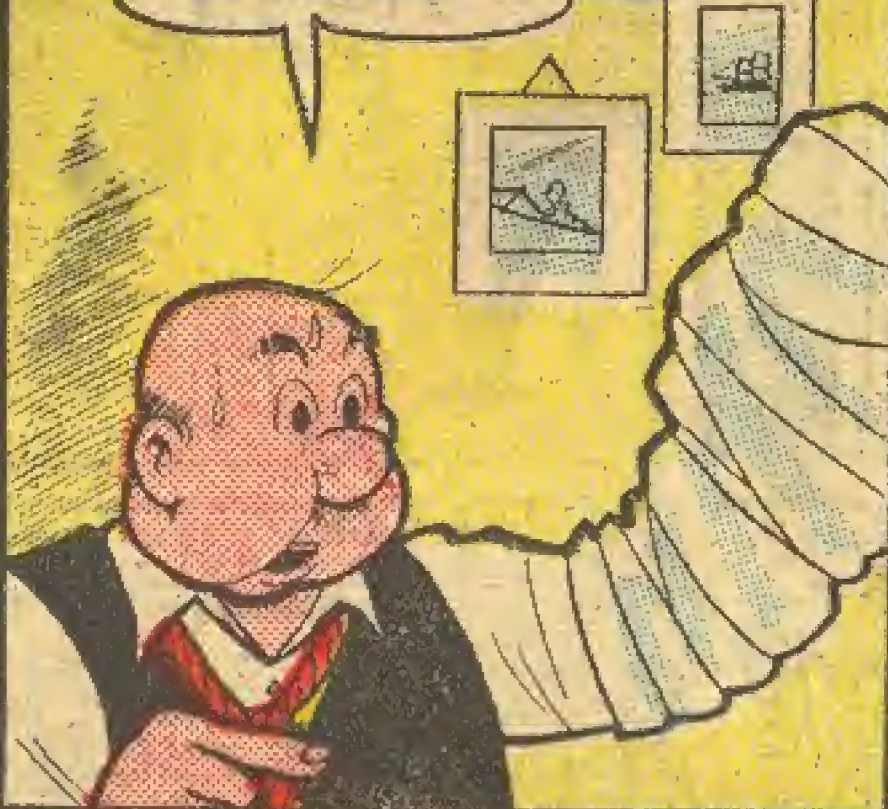


HELP! WHERE AM I? OH, NOW I REMEMBER!

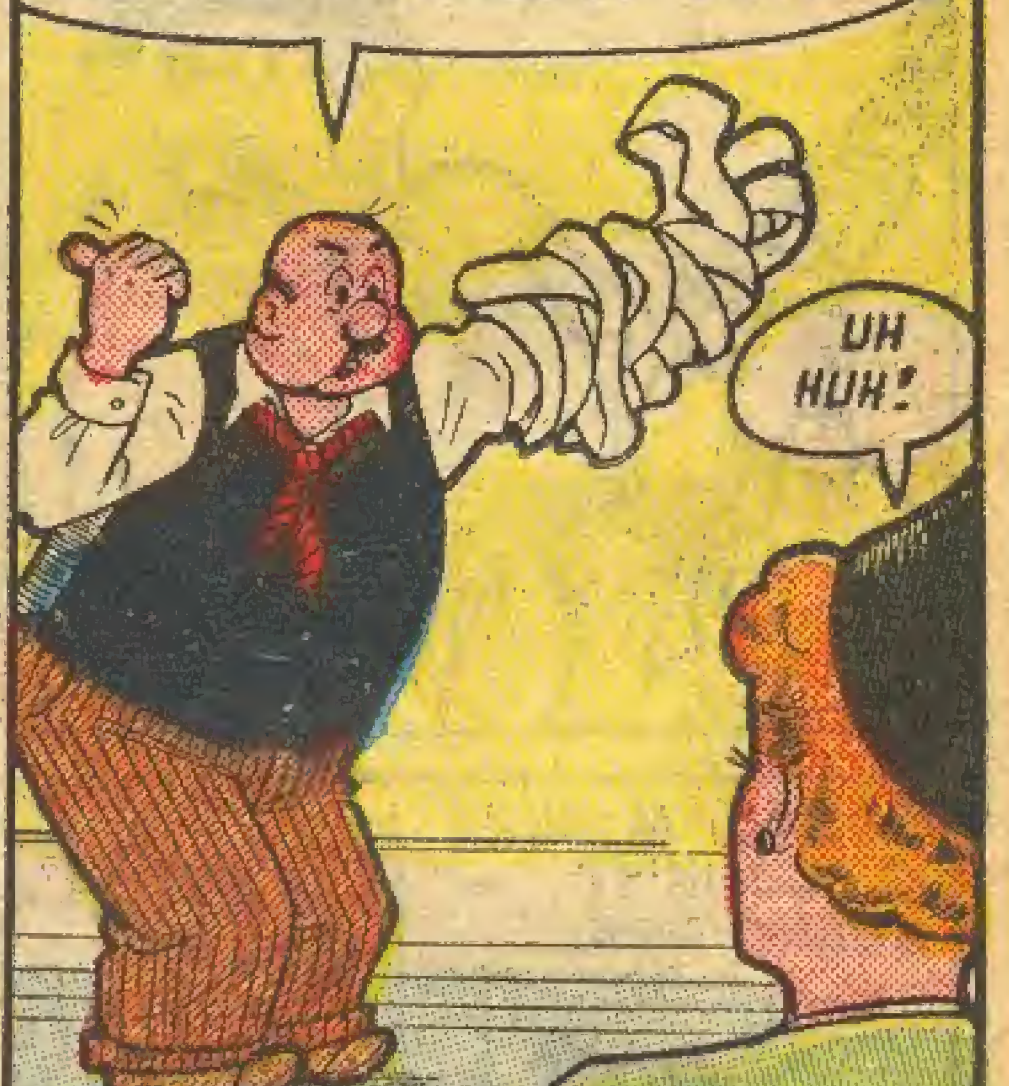
WHAT IN THE...?



I KNOW THIS SOUNDS CRAZY, LALA, BUT, S'HELP ME, I BATTLED A BURGLAR WHO GOT IN HERE AND STOLE YOUR VASE... AND WHAT A BRAWL! I BROKE MY FIST ON HIS JAW, BUT HE ESCAPED...



I TEETERED TO THE CABINET, BANDAGED MY CUT-UP ARM AND THEN MUSTA PASSED OUT!



!

GO ON!



WHY, YOU...!

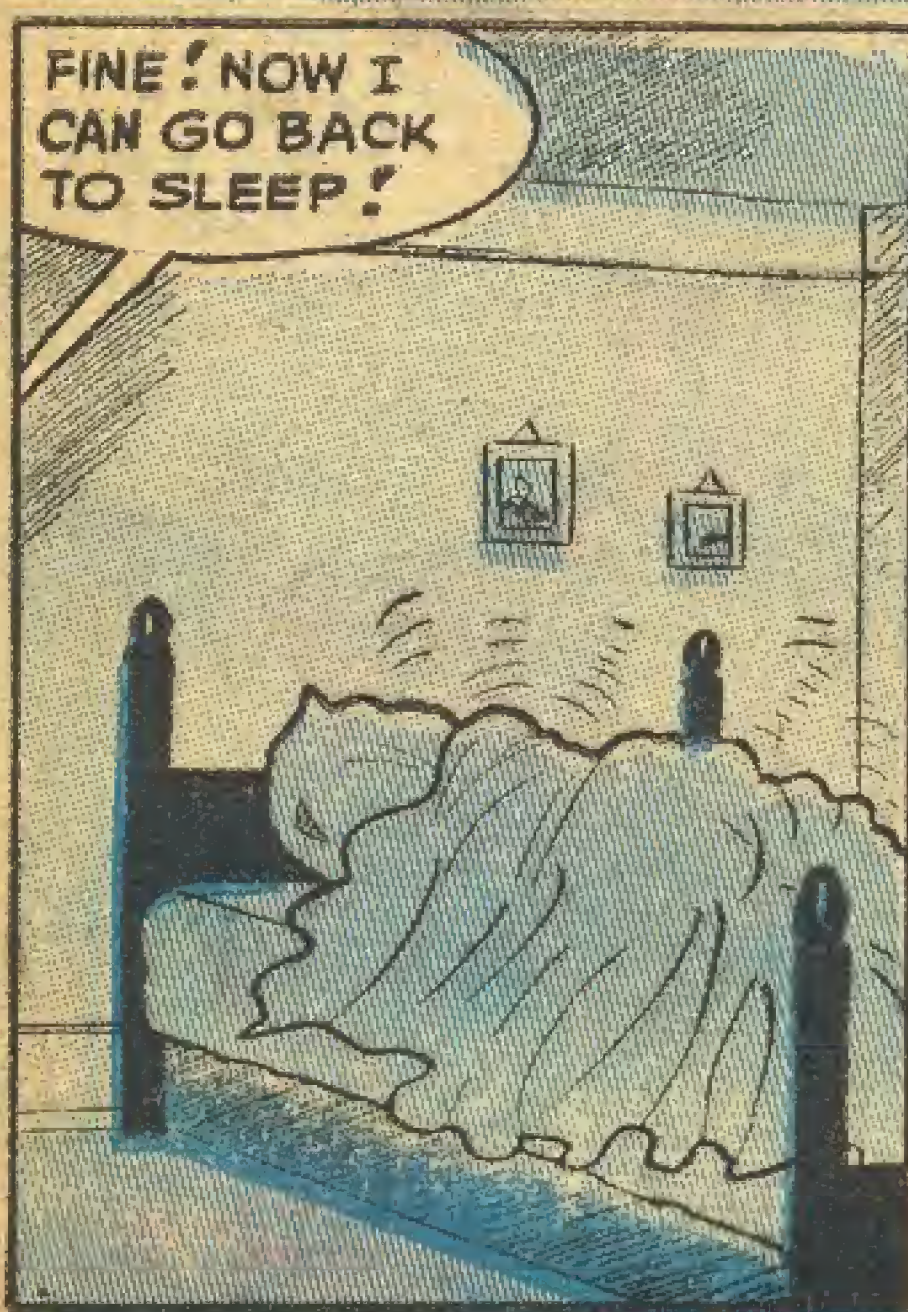
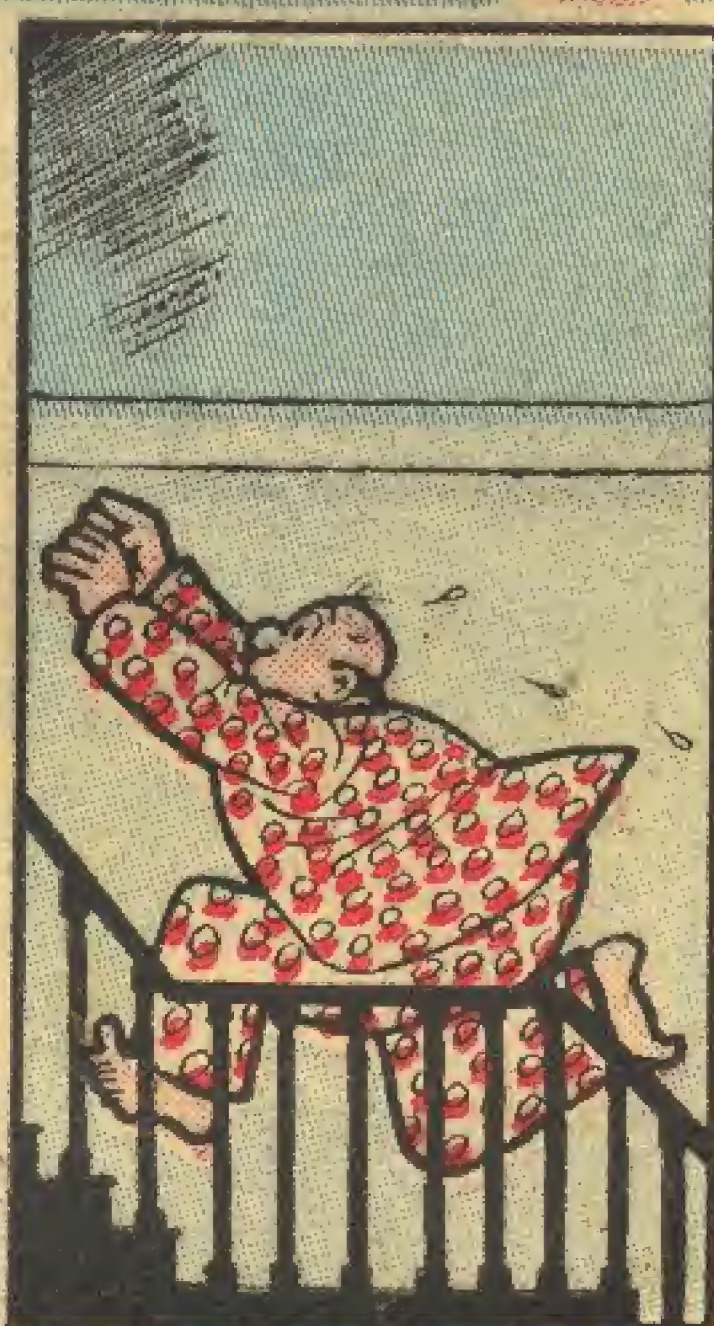
WHAT NEW GAME IS THIS THEY'RE PLAYING, DO Y'SUPPOSE?

I DUNNO, BUT I BET I CAN PICK THE WINNER!



FEATURE COMICS

LALA PALOOZA

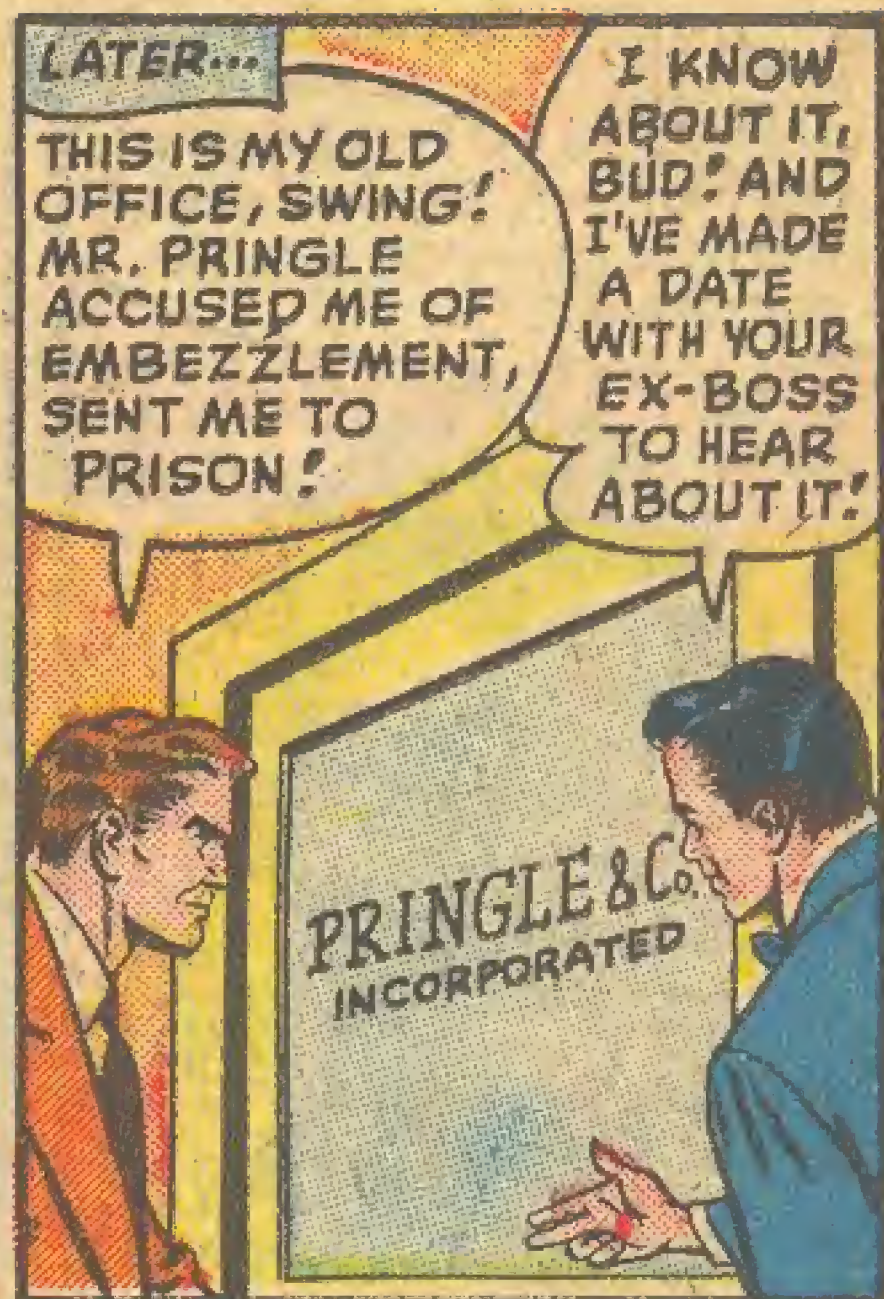
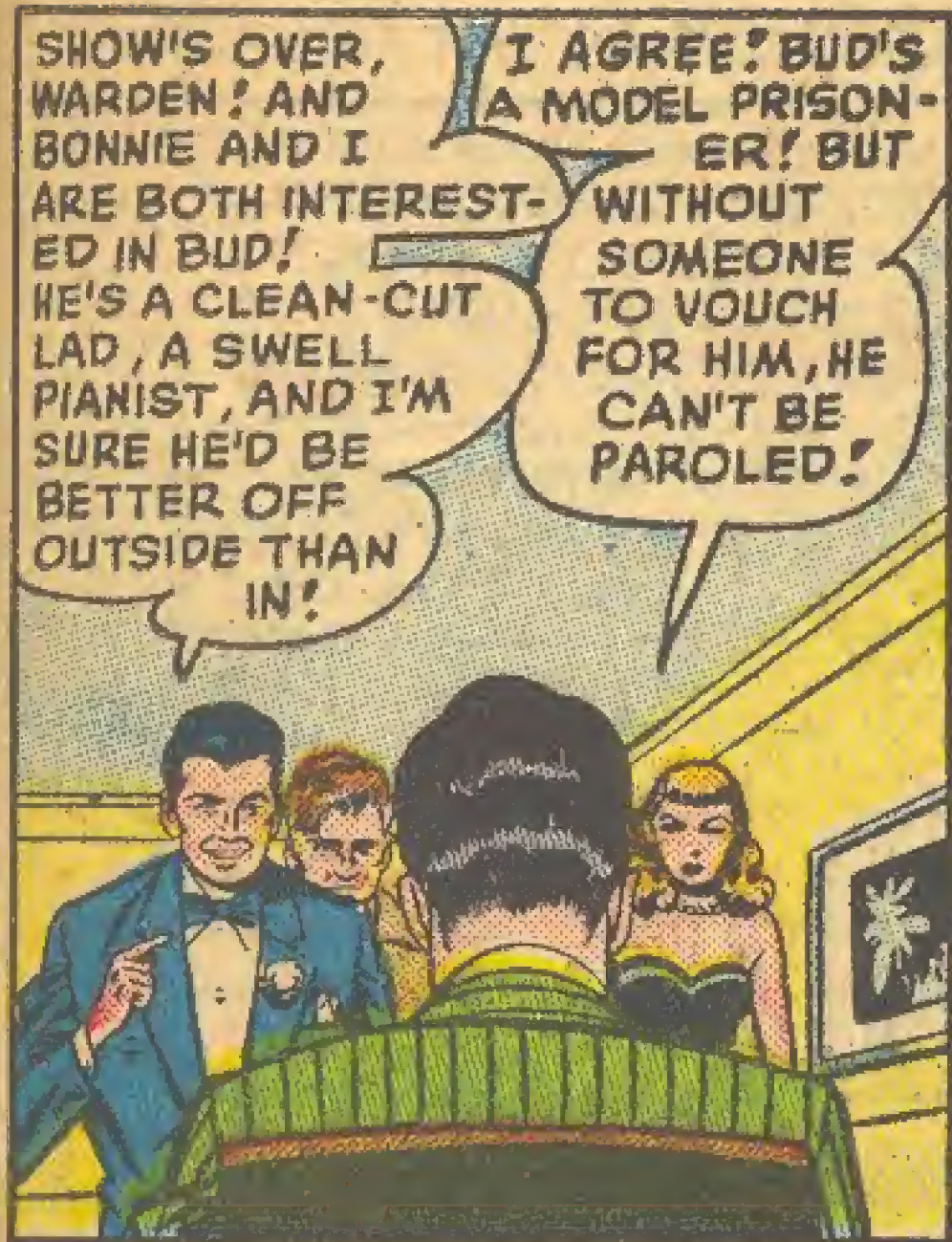


FEATURE COMICS

SWING SISSON



FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS.

HERE'S A NOTE ABOUT MAESTRO SWING SISSON... HE'S TAKEN AN INTEREST IN THE IVORY-POUNDING OF A CERTAIN CONVICT NAMED BUD BRYCE...



... IN FACT, MY PAL SWING DOUBTS IF BUD BRYCE SHOULD BE IN PRISON AT ALL! COULD BE THE BOY WENT UP THE RIVER ON A BUM RAP...

I WONDER WHO ELSE IS LISTENING JUST NOW!



ELSEWHERE AT THAT MOMENT...

... AND SWING THINKS HE HAS A LINE ON WHO SHOULD REALLY BE ENJOYING THE STATE'S HOSPITALITY! HE WANTS TO INTERVIEW ALL WITNESSES!

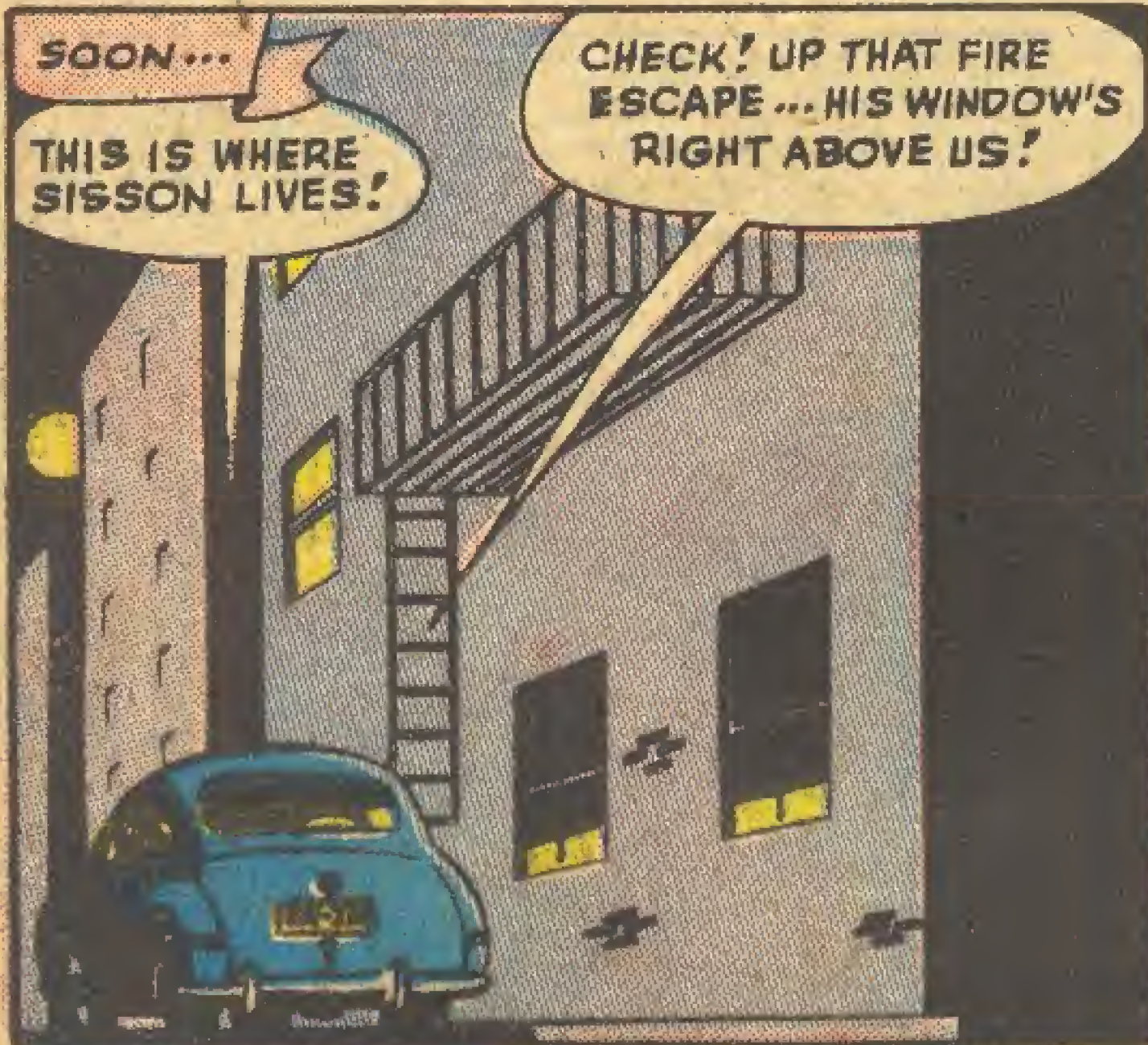
INTERVIEW ALL WITNESSES? AND SO HE SHALL! I'LL CALL UP A COUPLE OF GUYS I KNOW...



SOON...

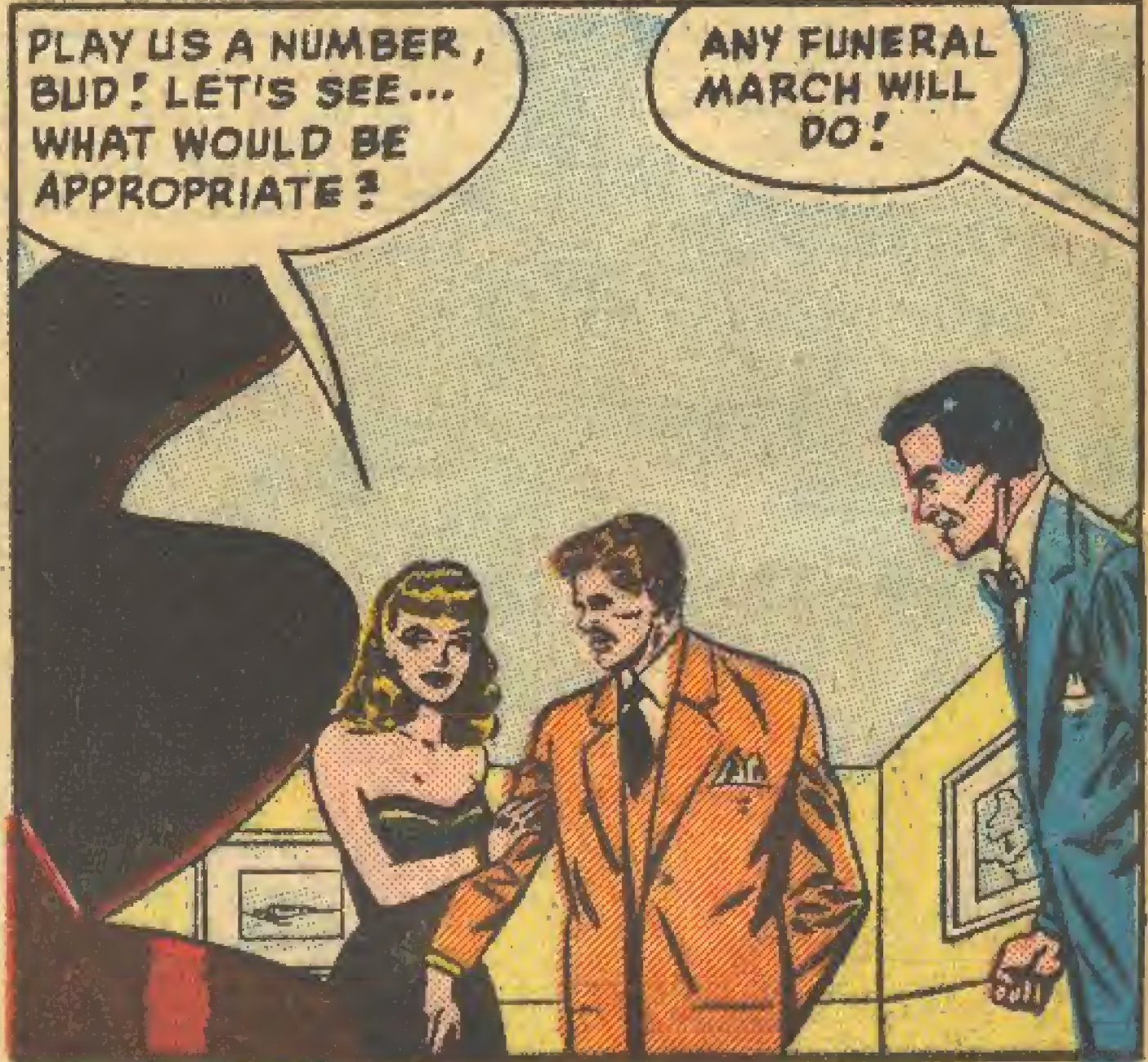
THIS IS WHERE SISSON LIVES!

CHECK! UP THAT FIRE ESCAPE... HIS WINDOW'S RIGHT ABOVE US!



PLAY US A NUMBER, BUD! LET'S SEE... WHAT WOULD BE APPROPRIATE?

ANY FUNERAL MARCH WILL DO!



IT'S GROPP!

RIGHT, BUD! YOU SHOULD HAVE STAYED IN THE PRISON WHERE I SENT YOU... YOU'D HAVE LIVED LONGER!



AS FOR YOU, SWING SISSON, BUTTING INTO WHAT'S NO BUSINESS OF YOURS...

I TAKE IT YOU'RE CONFESSING TO THE THEFT OF THAT MONEY, AND TO YOUR USE OF FALSE EVIDENCE AGAINST BUD!



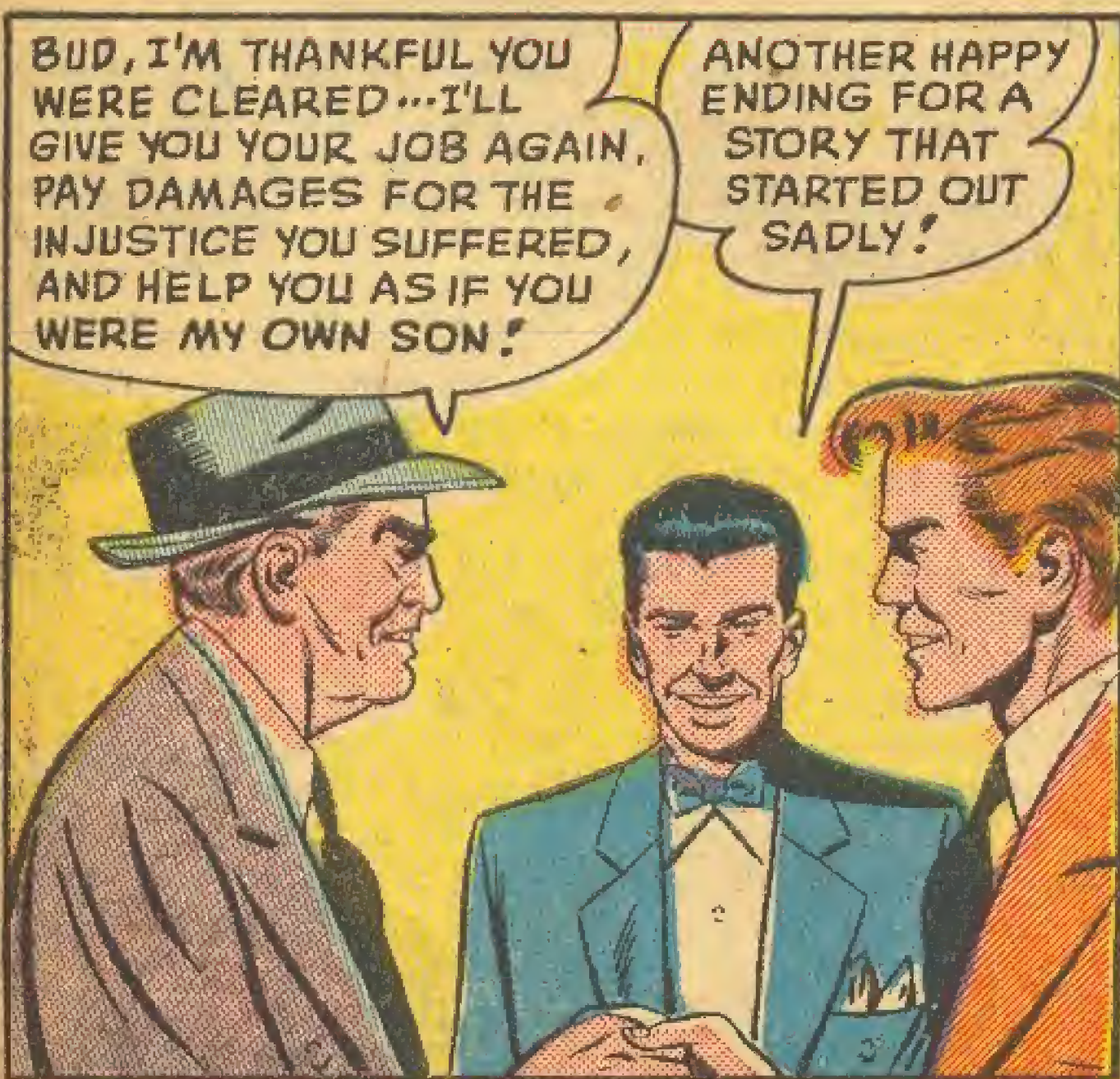
FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



OH, YOU BEAUTIFUL DOLL

DARREL DANE studied the tall, beautifully poised and beautifully dressed girl who was coming across the street towards him. She was something to see. Probably a model, by the looks of her and the little hatbox she carried. Whoever she was, she had, beneath the exterior calm, a frightened air about her. The unmistakable look of fear was in her eyes.

Reaching the curb, she turned her head to look behind her as though she expected to catch someone following her. Darrel, with his keen perception, understood that she was in trouble and purposely stepped in her path so that she collided with him.

Amid a confused apology for her stupidity, and while Darrel picked up the hat box, which had fallen to the sidewalk, she looked at his face—the light of recognition in her eyes.

"Oh, Mr. Dane," she said pleasantly in a cultured voice, "how lucky I am to bump into you—literally—I was just on my way to your office to see you."

"Well, here I am and at your service, fair lady," said Darrel, bowing low. "What can I do for you?"

"I'd like to talk with you privately," said the girl, looking about her cautiously. "Would you mind coming with me to my father's apartment—it's just around the corner from here. We can chat and perhaps have a drink," she continued, taking Darrel by the arm possessively and starting up the street.

"I don't touch the stuff," laughed Darrel, "but I don't mind going along—the suspense is killing me."

After a minute or two of walking they turned in under the canopy of a large apartment house and were immediately whisked to the penthouse. There the girl excused herself a moment and left Darrel standing in a spacious living room with picture windows looking out over the city. Darrel wandered over and looked out at the view that never ceased to fill him with awe.

He was roused from his daydream by a harsh grating masculine voice.

"Good evening, Mr. Dane—so nice of you to come to see me."

Darrel swung around to find the ugly snout of a gleaming Luger pointed uncomfortably close to the pit of his stomach. The weapon was held by a large, expensively dressed man with thick eyeglasses.

"Thanks for the cordial greeting," Darrel said sardonically, with a casual wave towards the revolver. "It looks as though you might be planning the installation of some air-conditioning," he continued jokingly.

"Not if you do as I say, Mr. Dane," was the cold response. "Mr. Dane," he went on after a pause, "you have been writing a series of articles lately, which, to say the least, are causing one of my clients some mental anguish. Now, I know you are bright—surely you can

see the sense in laying off. What's it worth to you to stop publishing these libelous articles?"

With a look of disgust on his handsome face Darrel spat out his answer. "So you're the mouthpiece for 'Big Tony,' eh. Well, you tell that poor man's Capone for me that I can't be bought—and that I'll see him in the pen before I'm through."

The man with the gun shook his head sadly. "I'm sorry you feel so ill-disposed towards my client, Mr. Dane. I'm afraid I'll have to ask you to step into that room over there." He indicated a door with a nod of his head and, backing a safe distance from Darrel, ushered him in at the point of his gun. "Big Tony'll be here in a moment and you can deliver your message in person, if you like," said the man ironically as he closed and locked the door.

Darrel looked around him. There were no windows and no other doors except the one he'd entered. He was in a pretty pickle. As he searched the room he noticed a grill halfway up to the ceiling that was held in place by two screws. Next to it was an old-fashioned brocade pull rope with which the master of the house could summon his servants. It was a situation, thought Darrel, worthy of the Doll Man. So, summoning every ounce of will power, he compressed his body into the shape of Doll Man.

"Now to open up that air-conditioning grill and get out of here," he muttered. It was the work of a second for Doll Man to scramble up the bell rope and remove the grill. He then found himself in the tin air-conditioning passageways that honeycombed the walls of the apartment. He followed the sound of voices until he came to a grill that looked into the living room. There, Big Tony and his lawyer with several of Big Tony's henchmen were conversing in low tones.

"And," said the lawyer with a gesture of surrender, "he says he'll see you in the pen before he'll stop writing."

"Oh, he will, will he?" snarled Tony, "Where is that jack-leg reporter?"

At this point Doll Man hurled his dynamic force at the grill, tore it from its frame and landed in the middle of the floor, saying, "I don't know where he is, but would you like to talk to me?"

"Ahhh, it's Doll Man," creaked Big Tony, quaking with fear, "How did he get here?"

"Yes, I am here, Tony," the Doll Man replied, "and I'm about to call the police and have you all booked on suspicion of conspiring to commit murder."

In a matter of minutes the police had rounded up the little gang of criminals—the girl included—and Darrel Dane was seen leaving the apartment whistling the tune of "Oh, You Beautiful Doll" as he headed for his date with Martha Roberts.

SHENANIGAN



FEATURE COMICS



WHAT A CATASTROPHE! NEVER IN MY LONG CAREER AS CHIEF KEEPER HAS ANYTHING LIKE THIS HAPPENED!



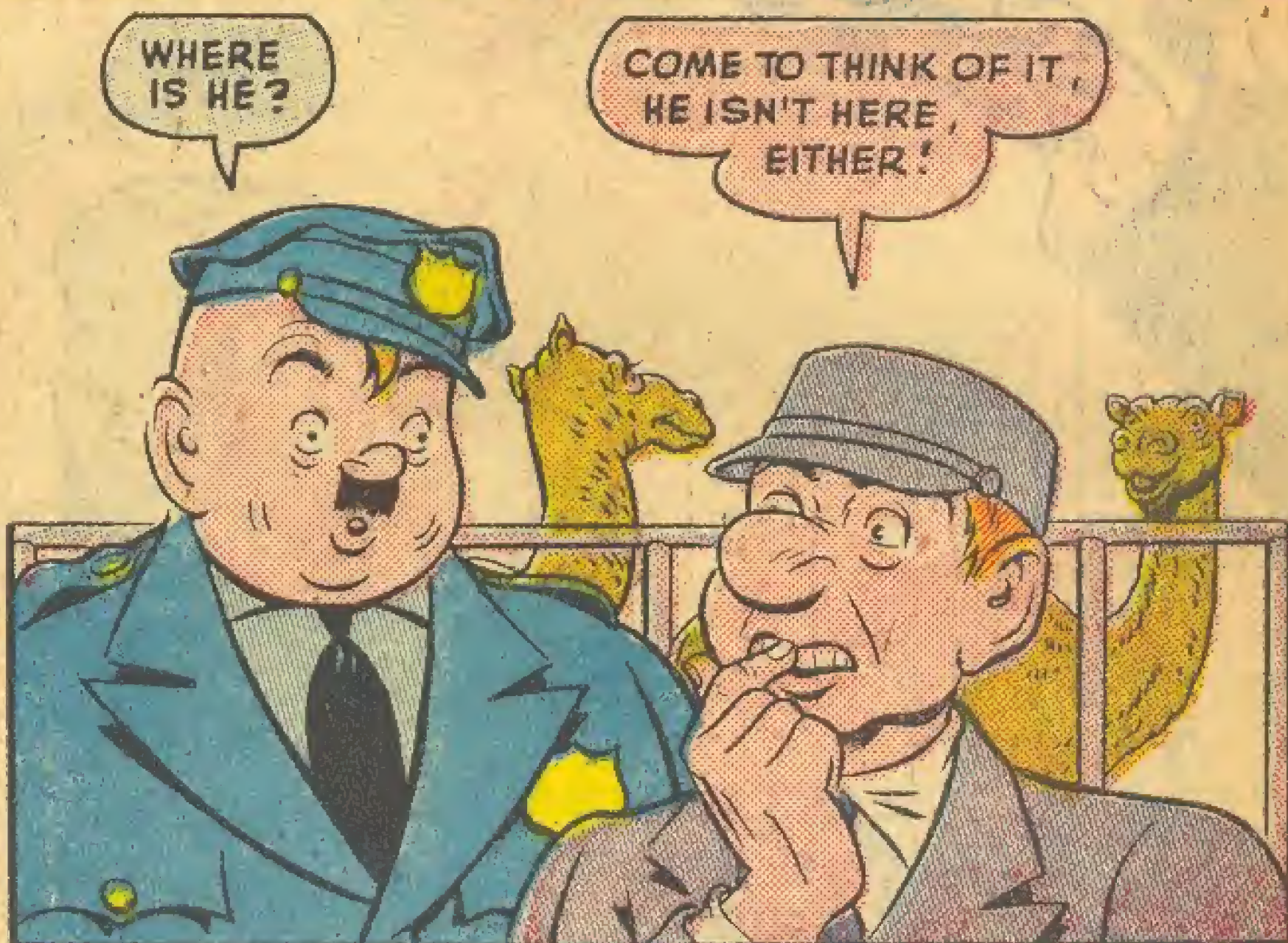
CALM YOURSELF, MY GOOD MAN! I'M ON THE CASE!

I JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW THAT LION GOT OUT, OFFICER! HE WAS WITH US TWO YEARS AND SEEMED SO HAPPY HERE!



HMM! OBVIOUSLY THE LOCK WAS OPENED WITH THE KEY! WHO HAD THE KEY?

HIS KEEPER!



WHERE IS HE?

COME TO THINK OF IT, HE ISN'T HERE, EITHER!



AH! THEN HE MUST HAVE MADE OFF WITH THE LION!

BUT WHAT FOR? WHAT WOULD HE DO WITH HIM?



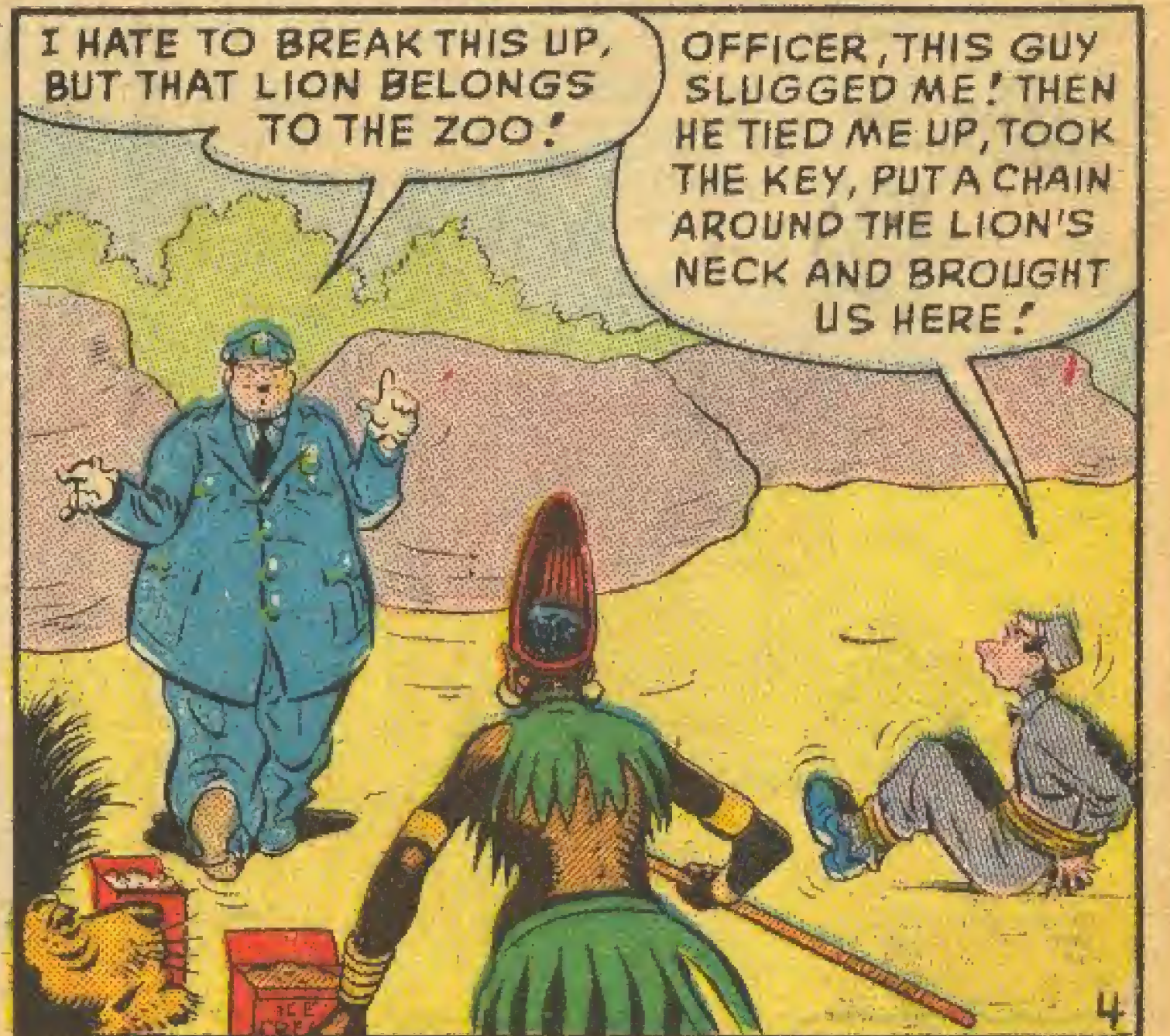
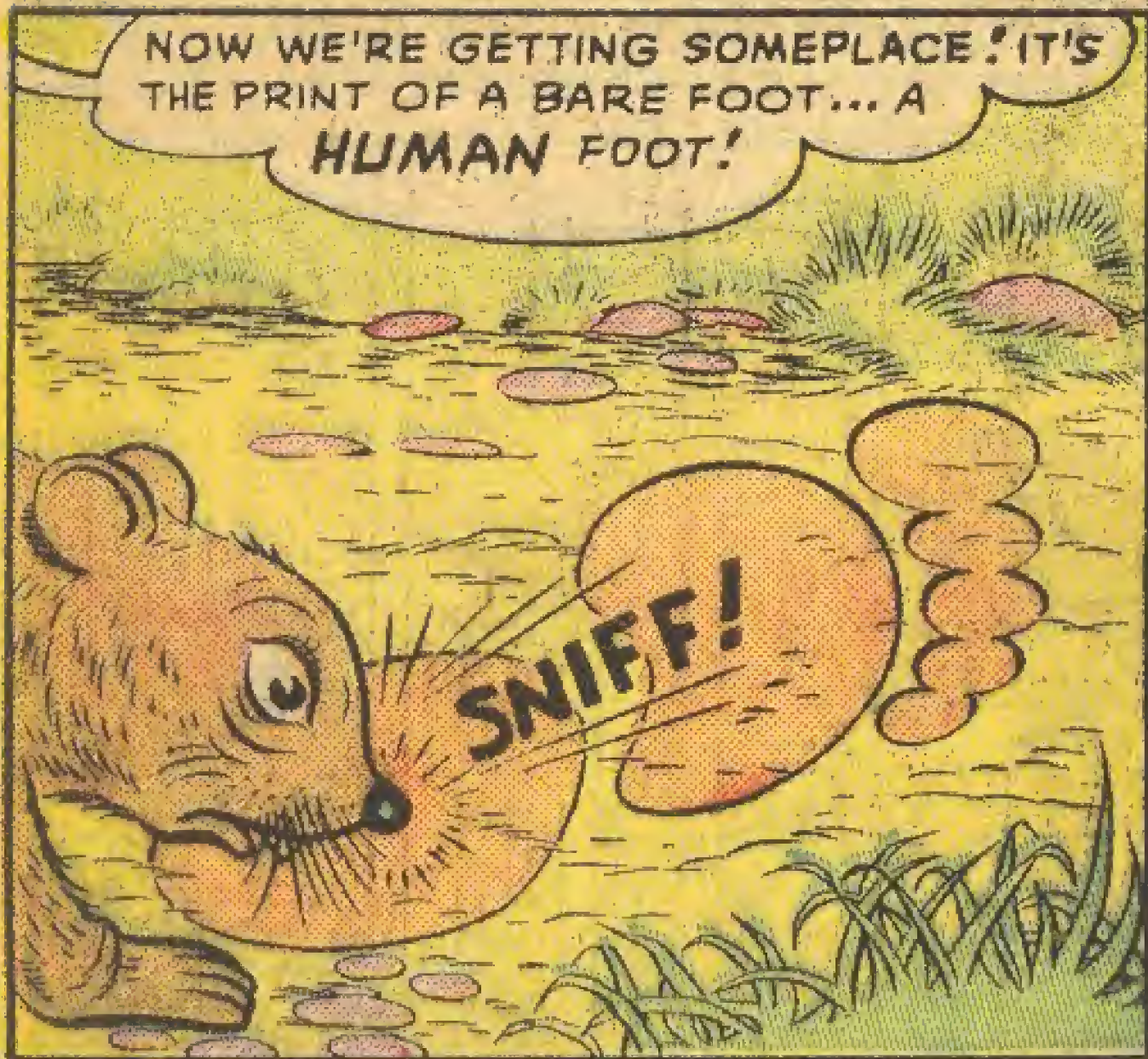
DON'T INTERRUPT MY TRAIN OF THOUGHT!

BESIDES, HE WAS SUCH A MILD-MANNERED MAN ... AND HE TOOK CARE OF OTHER ANIMALS! I KNOW HE JUST WOULDN'T WALK OUT ON THEM!

FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS

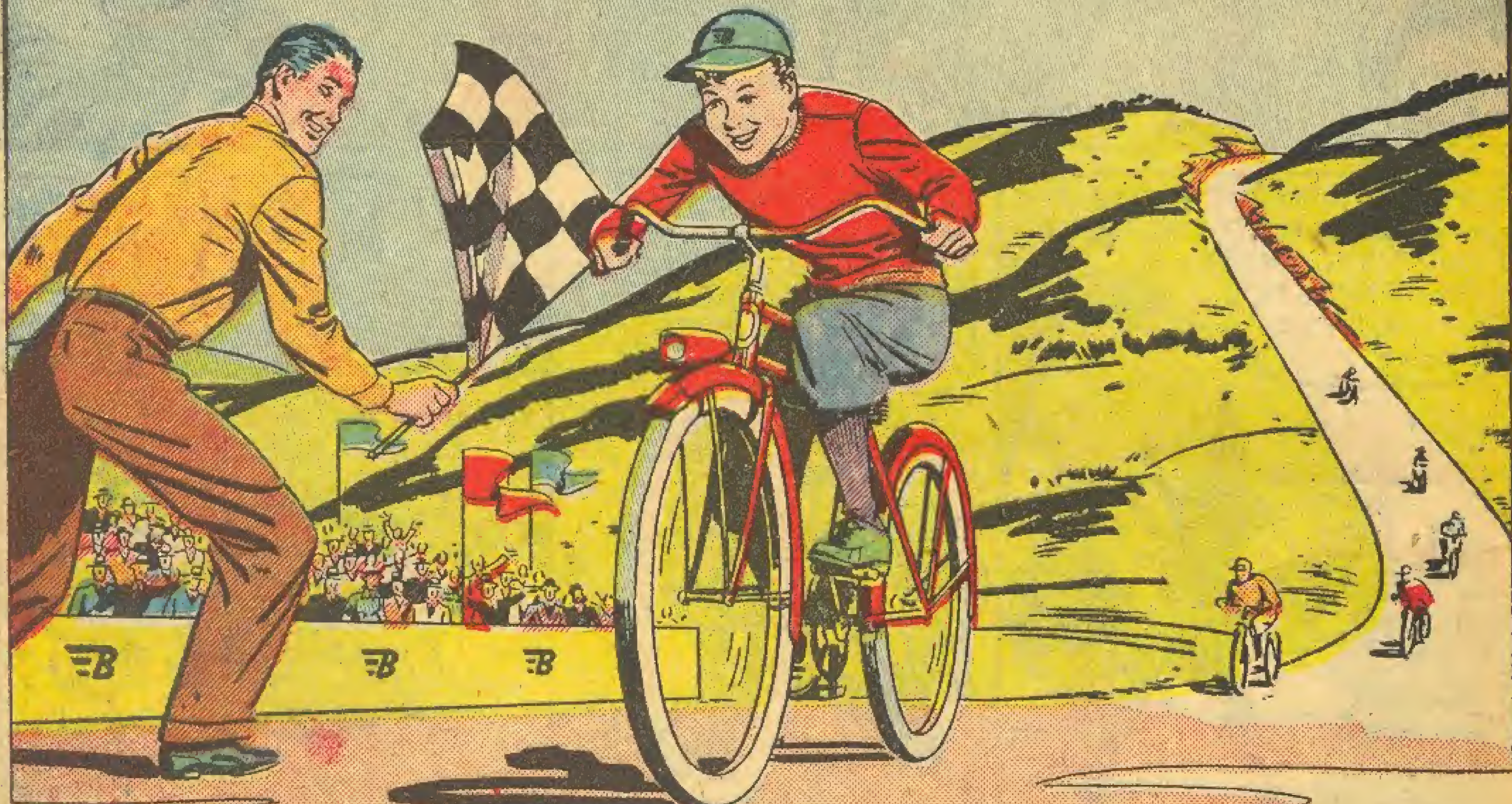


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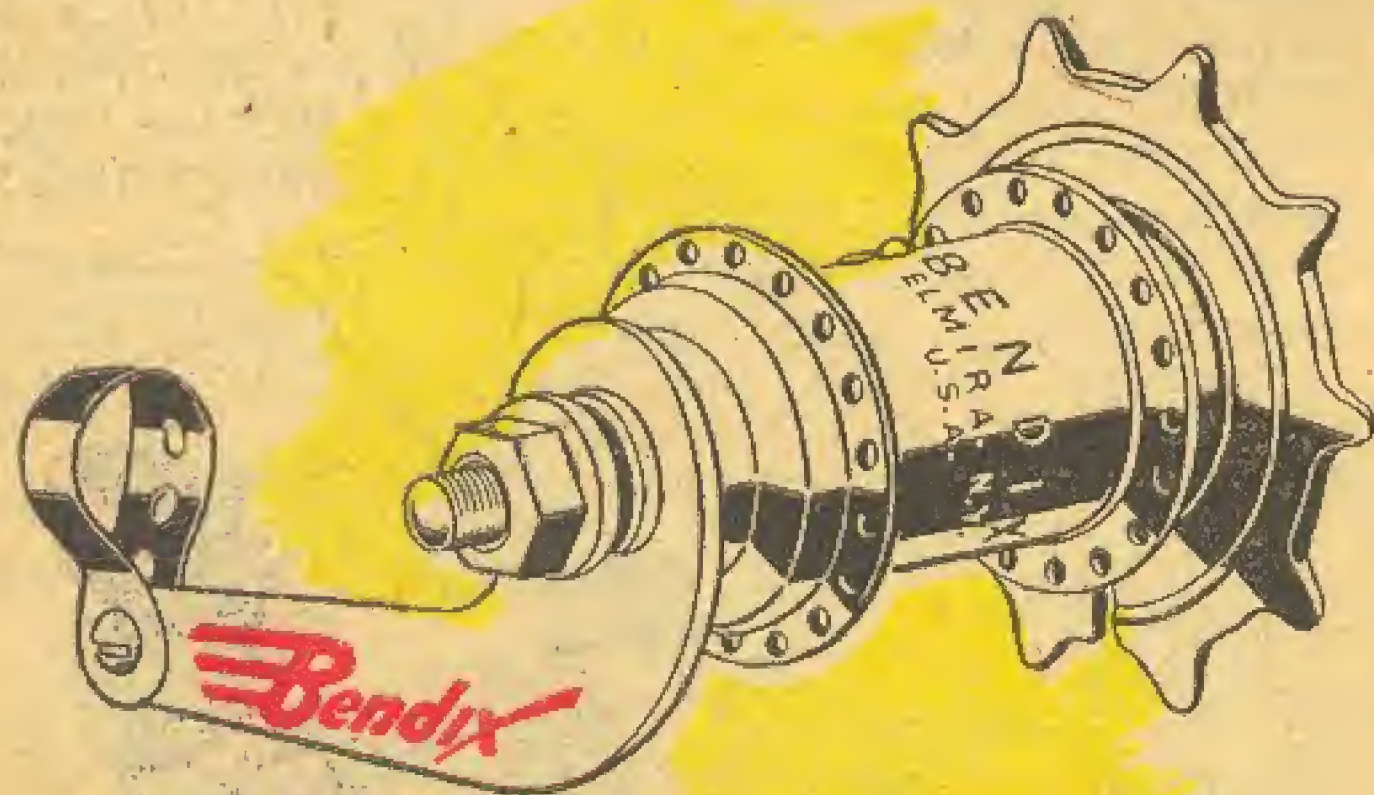




Coaster Brake Wins Again!



Built and tested in the hills of New York State!



That's right! Bendix* Coaster Brakes are tested in the hills around our factory—and you should see how high and how steep they are! One test hill is over a mile long, and by the time we get to the bottom our bikes are really flying—though always under perfect control! On the curves, too, Bendix Coaster Brakes work like magic—slow us down until we're safely around, then let us pick up full speed again in a jiffy! Actual comparisons prove that Bendix coasts farther and faster! Ask your bicycle dealer to show you a Bendix Coaster Brake with all its new features, and always make sure any new bike you get has a Bendix Coaster Brake.

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION of



ELMIRA, NEW YORK

Let's Go, Pal!
I'll prove I can make you

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world!" says R. F.
Kelly, Physical Di-
rector.
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an "ALL-AROUND" HE-MAN

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I'll teach you the "Progressive Power Method" through which I rebuilt myself from a physical wreck the doctors condemned to die at 15, to the holder of more strength records than any other living athlete or teacher! "Progressive Power" has proven its ability to build the strongest, handsomest men in the world. And I stand ready to show you on a money back basis—that no matter how flabby or puny you are I can do the same for you right in your own home. Let me prove I can add inches to your arms, broaden your shoulders, give you a man-sized chest, powerful legs and a Rock-like back—in fact, power pack your whole body so quickly it will amaze you! Yes, I'll jam you with power and self-confidence to master any situation—to win popularity—and to get ahead on the job! Through my proven secrets I bring to life new power in you inside and out, until YOU are fully satisfied you are the man you want to be.

Just a Few of the Records of
George F. Jowett

whom experts call the "Champion of Champions"

- World's welter weight wrestling champion at 17
- World's weight lifting champion at 19
- Reputed to have the strongest arms in the world
- Four times winner of the world's most perfectly developed body . . . plus many, many other world records!

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Send only 25c for my 5 easy-to-follow, picture-packed courses now in 1 complete volume "How to Become a Muscular He-Man." Try it for one night! Experience the thrilling strength that surges through your muscles.

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What's My Job? - I Manufacture Weaklings into **MEN!**

Charles Atlas

Actual Photograph of the man who holds the title "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

GIVE ME a skinny, pepleless, second-rate body—and I'll cram it so full of handsome, bulging new muscle that your friends will grow bug-eyed! . . . I'll wake up that sleeping energy of yours and make it hum like a high-powered motor! Man, you'll feel and look different! You'll begin to *LIVE!*



Let Me Make YOU a NEW MAN —IN JUST 15 MINUTES A DAY!

You wouldn't believe it, but I myself used to be a 97-lb. weakling. Fellows called me "Skinny." Girls snickered and made fun of me behind my back. I was a flop. THEN I discovered my marvelous new muscle-building system—"Dynamic Tension." And it turned me into such a complete specimen of MANHOOD that today I hold the title "THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN."

That's how I traded in my "bag of bones" for a barrel of muscle! And I felt so much better, so much on top of the world in my big, new, husky body, that I decided to devote my whole life to helping other fellows change themselves into "perfectly developed men."

What Is "Dynamic Tension"? How Does It Work?

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, strapping fellow smiling back at you—then you'll be astounded at how short a time it takes "Dynamic Tension" to GET RESULTS!

"Dynamic Tension" is the easy, NATURAL method you can practice in the privacy of your own room—JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY—while your scrawny shoulder muscles begin to swell, ripple . . . those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge . . . and your whole body starts to feel "alive," full of zip and go!

One Postage Stamp May Change Your Whole Life!

As I've pictured up above, I'm steadily building broad-shouldered, dynamic MEN—day by day—the country over.

2,000,000 fellows, young and old, have already gambled a postage stamp to ask for my FREE book. They wanted to read and see for themselves how I'm building up scrawny bodies, and how I'm paring down fat, flabby ones—how I'm turning them into breath-taking human dynamos of real MANPOWER.

Take just a few seconds NOW to fill in and mail the coupon at right, and you will receive at once my FREE book—"Everlasting Health and Strength" that PROVES with actual snap-shots what "Dynamic Tension" has done for others—what it can do for YOU! Address: CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 330 W, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

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